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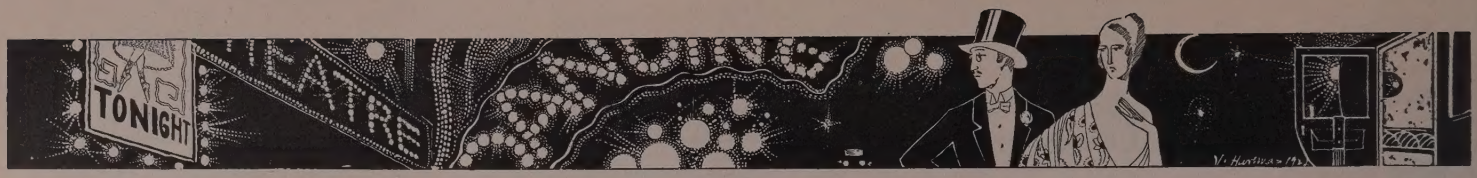

THE PLAY GUIDE

The Play Guide of Theatre Magazine is a guide for young and old, to America's greatest amusement center, New York City. Lest you lose yourself in the maze of good, bad and indifferent in this vast playground the Theatre Magazine offers you the clue of The Play Guide. Mark its sign posts well! They will avoid your suffering boredom.

WE have had many inquiries lately as to where one may dance in the afternoon, since several of the hotels that formerly specialized in the *thé dansant* have given it up. People from out of town have made trips to former favorite haunts only to be disappointed in their quest. So we thought a list of the places still offering dancing with afternoon tea might as a time-saving device interest our Play Guide readers.

Here is the somewhat abbreviated list as far as we know it. If we find any more places of distinction they will be added later. The Lorraine, Fifth Avenue at 45th Street, "from 4.30 to 6" . . which time period we presume applies likewise to the rest: The Plaza, The Biltmore, The Ambassador (particularly charming atmosphere).

KITTY GORDON RETURNS TO PUBLIC LIFE

THE very satisfactory news has reached us that Kitty Gordon, the beautiful, is to be till further notice, hostess at the Old King Cole Supper Club in the Knickerbocker Grill. When Miss Gordon announced her retirement from the stage last year and went in for her beauty shop it was much, much regretted. In spite of her tall daughter, Vera Beresford, Miss Gordon was too young and good-looking—a very special case of the *filia pulchra mater pulchrior*—to hide herself away like that, and cease to be a public character. Not that we thought it would really last, that the world would let her remain hidden long. As has proved true . .

Miss Gordon's card tells us that "there will be wonderful music for dancing at the Knickerbocker under the personal direction of Arthur M. Keane, and that reservations begin at ten o'clock." Those who know how good Miss Gordon is to look at, to say nothing of how gracious her manner, will go to see her again. And those hitherto unfortunate ones who have never seen her will want to seize this opportunity to repair their misfortune.

NOT FOR EVERYONE

NEW YORK is a pretty wide open affair for the out-of-towner, and almost all the keys to the city are turned over to him on his arrival. One or two places, however, the native reserves for himself, where the visitor may not easily go, though, even there, ways and means may be found.

The Sixty Club, which meets every Saturday night at The Ritz, is one of these reserved nooks. The Sixty Club is as proportionately sixty in number, we understand, as the Four Hundred is four hundred. Be that as it may, it is reputed that you will find concentrated there at any given moment more theatrical stars than at any other place in the city. This reputation reached a certain gentleman in the far west, and eager to see the far-famed Club he presented himself with a friend at The Ritz on his arrival in town Saturday night. What was his chagrin to find that admittance to the Club was only possible through membership. However, being a man of resource, as well as of means and position, he managed to pull wires so that eventually he was proposed for membership by a well-known artist, and will shortly enter into glory.

FOR ONE AND ALL

HAVING told you of a haunt of the profession difficult for the casual outsider to attain, it gives me pleasure to be able to turn round and tell you of a cosy little place that is not. For the asking one may mount

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a flight of steps on the north side of 47th Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and enter a small restaurant frequented by actors and actresses in so-to-speak mufti. It is called "The Meeting House" . . and its long, narrow room has wooden seats running round the wall, colorful painted tables and chairs, and on cold days a fire burning in the grate. Above this on the grey wall is a caricature, by Richard Lahey of *The Times,* of dear old Bert Savoy and his Brennan—the same caricature, much enlarged of course, as appeared in the January 1923 number of the THEATRE. Nearby is a caricature of John Barrymore, done by James Dale who played the young Jew in last season's run of *Loyalties,* and on the opposite wall one of Jane Cowl by the same author. Other caricatures, which start one guessing as to their identity, by other hands, fill the rest of the space.

You are served a deliciously cooked "homey" kind of dinner for a dollar with the best of fresh vegetables and excellent coffee, and you speculate not only as to the identity of the caricatures, but that of the habitues, since not all are easily discernible in the long room and low lights. Cyril Keightley and Otto Kruger you would have no doubt about, and Jane Grey over in the corner. But possibly Bijou Fernandez would escape you, or the large black velvet hat of Mme. Besson, star headliner in vaudeville—perhaps you saw her in Barrie's *Half an Hour*—might too much shade her face for recognition.

A person, tall and with a radiant smile, whom you will not know, though from his distinctive appearance you may imagine you should, will be *Frederick,* the originator of "The Meeting House," a unique personality, who creates its special atmosphere. You will see him going from table to table, greeting friends, chatting with this one or that, very much *persona grata,* carrying laughter and cheer. Almost everyone there is connected with the theatre in some way, whether as actor or actress, playwright or producer, and the luncheon hour is as popular as dinner time. The latter naturally, is early for the people who are playing, sometimes being in full swing by six o'clock . . it depends . .

Another place where you will be welcome is The Stage Door Inn on 46th Street, which claims Ethel Barrymore as its honorary president, and Belasco as its godfather. Excellent is the food, charming the atmosphere, and a distinct fillip given to both by your little waitress, who is a young actress getting her start . . potential stars each one. You will find her name on the menu card at your table. Lately The Stage Door Inn's president, Margaret Allen, has, with devastating success, initiated "hostess" nights—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—when each actress appears in some costume or other.

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NEW YORK

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The mob scene in Sir John Martin-Harvey's production of *Oedipus Rex.*

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE: Charlie Chaplin reveals his secrets. The famous comedian tells how he gets the laughs that have made his fortune. See our January issue. ☙ Are you safe sitting in the theatre? You see the exits—can you open them? One of the heads of the New York Fire Department, tells what precautions are taken to ensure the public saftey. ☙ The World's Greatest Theatre. We have hailed the Moscow Art Players as the finest, but there is another organization, even more famous than that of Stanislavsky and his Russian associates. ☙ Theatre Magazine's Court of Equity—a new department that will interest *you.* More beautiful pictures than ever. Don't miss it.

F. E. ALLARDT, Director of Circulation

LOUIS MEYER
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Published monthly by the Theatre Magazine Company, 2 West 45th Street. New York. N. Y. Louis Meyer, president and treasurer; Paul Meyer, Vice-President; Henry Stern, secretary. Single copies are thirty-five cents; four dollars by the year. Foreign countries, add 50c. for mail; Canada, add 50c. Title THEATRE MAGAZINE, registered U. S. patent Office.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 273. DECEMBER, 1923.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARY SERVOSS

Whose gentle eloquence and charm as Portia contributes living beauty to David Warfield's "The Merchant of Venice"

THE VENETIAN JESTER

A Young Italian After The Old Dutch School. Alfred Cheney Johnston Suggests Franz Hals in this Portrait of Tom Patricola, the Featured Comedian of "George White's Scandals."

The Sewer on the Stage

Official Action Imminent to Stem the Rising Tide of Theatrical Filth

By JOHN S. SUMNER

Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice

IN sustaining the Commissioner of Licenses of the City of New York in a proceeding against a certain motion picture in September, 1916, Mr. Justice Cohalan of the New York Supreme Court said, in the course of his opinion:

"The preponderance of proof adduced herein, shows that the City of New York is not benefited by such a realistic depiction of the sordid side of human life. The declaration is made in behalf of the scenario that 'it is literally a picturized sermon.' Such a statement does not appeal to me. Moving pictures may point a way or teach a lesson, but no depicted film that leads the beholder through scenes of such depravity and degradation can influence or help society. I think that such a play offends public decency and tends to the injury not only of the young of the community, but of all persons who witness it."

SORDID REALISM

SOME producers did not agree with the learned Judge and as a consequence, five years later, on an accumulation of damning evidence, these producers and all others were placed under restraint by a State law—censorship.

Producers of stage performances seem to have learned nothing from this very pointed and pertinent lesson. At the present time the New York stage is saturated with "realistic depiction of the sordid side of human life."

We have the missionary who tries to reform a prostitute, himself yields to her wiles—and commits suicide. Truly a "picturized sermon."

We have the long drawn out fall of the girl with "peasant mind." We see her finally a low cynical harlot plying her trade and engaging in a foul brawl with a drunken sailor, terminating in a shooting.

A police report on another show says: "It has to do with a young woman of good family who came here from the South to secure work and was finally forced to go upon the streets. On her first night out she is accosted by a man, who later she finds to be a plainclothes man; she goes to an apartment with him where he arrests her and she serves a short time for street walking."

In still another current production a woman and her adopted daughter are seduced by the same man. The girl commits suicide and the woman commits murder. More of the "peasant mind."

There are others including a dirty burlesque on the first situation mentioned and there is the effort to push feminine nudity a little further towards the contemplated goal of complete nudity in motion.

We are told that on the Paris stage a distinction is made between the nude in repose and the nude in action—that the former is decent and permissible, whereas the latter is indecent and illegal. We can appreciate the reason for this distinction but not its adaptability in either phase to the American stage—or rather the stage under American laws and usages.

However, some of our upstart managers, our purveyors of true art, are apparently trying to go Paris one better. Evidently they hope that our *cognoscenti* will drop some of their coin on this side instead of depositing all of it in the tills of the *Folies Bergère* and other Paris "halls of shame."

> "Some of our upstart managers are trying to go Paris one better. Our muddle-headed producers are substituting mental sewers for those physical. There is no excuse for the unmoral element which puts in the way of susceptible people incentives to vicious and lawless thoughts, speech and acts. They should be clubbed into a sense of decency."

A Justice of the Supreme Court once said, in effect, that if someone could secure a concession to take people for a price through the filth of the public sewers, he would, no doubt have many patrons.

Our muddle-headed producers are substituting mental sewers for those physical, and they find customers who desire to inhale the aroma of noxious mental products.

With one dirty show on the boards there was always the consoling thought that even though it might run for six months, probably not more than 250,000 people would see it—less than New York's daily transient population. But with the number increased to eight or ten, each one touted by simple-minded reviewers and so-called critics, the demoralizing possibilities of this deplorable condition are apparent. Moreover, in the absence of opposition in New York, each such show goes on the road with an assumed clean bill of health. Each community must make its own tardy discoveries and then attempt to take some protective action—usually futile. And so it follows that the situation on the New York stage is one of national import and not merely the problem of this great city of heterogeneous population.

The newspapers are largely to blame for this situation. If they would stop pussy-footing and would come out openly and tell their readers that the Messrs. Panderer are producing an unclean and demoralizing show at the Cesspool Theatre, there would soon be an end of such nefarious activities. On the contrary, they seek to rival the *Police Gazette* with pictures of half naked stage beauties in rotogravure sections and do their best to aid in the well-defined effort to break down all regard for decency, modesty and chastity among womankind.

Doubtless they will tell us that they don't care to advertise an unclean show. In some cases of disease, drastic measures are necessary. A leg may be sacrificed to stop the spread of gangrene. One real red-blooded, honest-to-goodness blast of denunciation directed against one show and one manager would so crystallize public opinion on the matter that no second operation would be necessary for a long, long time.

At a matinée performance of one of these degenerate brain children, at least fifty per cent. of the audience was composed of girls apparently from sixteen to twenty years of age. The play was propaganda to excuse the fault of the girl who has irregular sex relations because of economic conditions and because she "wanted to be a mother." The effect can be imagined.

INCITES IMMORALITY

JEFFERY FARNOL, English writer, is quoted in the press as having said that with the increase of feminine independence, immorality will increase. I should say that with the increase of leisure among women, as among men, immorality will increase, because idle hands and Satan's work are as closely related today as ever. Attendant conditions of our present day civilization have left millions of people with insufficient honest work to occupy their time. The hardest problem for some of these people to solve is what to do next. Girls and young married women are largely in this unfortunate class. They must be educated in methods of properly utilizing this new freedom from what they disdainfully call drudgery.

But there is no excuse for the sordid,

(*Continued on page* 78)

Lynn Fontanne, in *In Love with Love*, shows us, with this sly grin, that the grande passion may have its roguish aspects.

Katharine Cornell, in *Casanova*—the love that outlasted his other thousand and one. This woman knew when it was time to run away.

Florence Reed, in *The Lullaby*, an awful warning against the vice of promiscuity. But she did it for the chee-ild!

Eva Le Gallienne, in *The Swan*. The Princess exposes her ears but not her heart, and pities men more than she loves them.

OUR LOVELY LEADING LADIES

Enchantresses From Four Broadway Hits Exposed by John Decker

What We Are Looking For

Broadway's Famous Managers Tell What Kind of Plays They Want—And Why

WITH theatre managers the choice of a play is a hit-or-miss gamble. The public they seek to attract is a difficult task master but, when pleased, a generous one. The following is the first of a series of authoritative and interesting monographs, in which our best-known producers tell what they are looking for.—Editor.

By DAVID BELASCO

HOW is the availability of a play to be estimated? I will not say that I can provide a measure which a novice can apply to every play and thereby decisively appraise it.

The first law of the stage, whether in writing a play or playing a part, is to convince the audience of the truth and logic of the work. Let this supreme quality be absent and the play, however great may be the care lavished on its literary execution or production, will be a failure.

I am generally engaged in writing a play of my own. I also assist by advice a number of young writers who submit ideas or plots which impress me as capable of development into good plays.

I am always in quest of material adapted to the special requirements of stars under my direction and I desire plays that do not adhere to the conventional ruts of the theatre and exceptionally good plays of any permissable kind. Therefore I am a greedy devourer of manuscripts from the four corners of the earth.

It is much easier to select a play and cast it effectively than to find a suitable vehicle for a star. I can look with confidence to established native and foreign playwrights for dramas to be acted by special companies but almost always I have found it necessary to write the plays for my stars, or if I have happened to find one reasonably suited to the ability of a certain star, I have been obliged to rewrite it or have it rewritten by the author.

I often indulge myself in putting on a play the commercial failure of which is a foregone conclusion—even though the theatre is crowded—but which nevertheless is an artistic and managerial joy to give to the American theatre.

By GILBERT MILLER

I DO not know that I can truthfully say at any one time that I am looking for any one or any several certain things. To propound any formula of the sort is to lose sight of the indubitable fact that the theatrical manager's trade, unlike that of the banker or the grocer, is subject in its catering aspect to the ever shifting tides of public taste. A policy as to "what one is looking for" might work handsomely during one season and, unaltered, land one in the poorhouse during another. I find it far more interesting and far more profitable to watchfully wait for that which looks for me!

Of course, there are certain underlying elements that must prevail through all seasons as a sort of background to one's choice. I have a weakness, for instance, for the English language and could not, with any degree of happiness, produce a play with a dialogue of the bastard vernacular in which so many of our playwrights deal, due to the fact that it is the only manner of speech in which they think and talk, as well as create.

I am accused in many quarters of seeking the European play to the exclusion of the native. Actually, my interest, as those who know me well can verify, is in the production of American plays for America. This is the only way a national drama can be builded and I am hopeful for that eventually, though we have not got it yet. Those who see my current season filled with *Casanovas* and *Swans* must remember that the bulk of my initial London successes were with American pieces and that one of my deepest prides is my association in work with such capital native penmen as Richman, Hopwood and Field. If I am "looking for" anything it is association with more men like those!

By A. H. WOODS

TO begin with, I have no sympathy for, or interest in, aspiring playwrights or aspiring anything. What I'm interested in is the achieved play, not the aspirations or personal ambitions or passionate intent of the people who want to write them, or do write them. I want plays that interest me without any limitation as to the category in which they fall. They can be farces, comedies, melodramas, comedy-dramas, drawing-room comedies, even tragedies. I am receptive to the emotion the 'script can give me and not to the kind of play it happens to be. I would say to playwrights to write what they feel, to cast their plays in the mould into which that play would naturally fall because of its basic idea. If the farce mood is on you, put your idea into farce form and don't try to make an impressionistic comedy out of it because you think the manager you have in mind likes only impressionistic comedies.

I have bought plays by wire by playwrights I never heard of. I bought *Kick In* on the strength of a fifty word scenario sent me from Los Angeles. I bought *A Voice in the Dark* the same way. The telegram, in this case, did not even give the complete scenario; it merely suggested an idea which I thought novel enough to take a chance on. I bought *The Woman on the Jury* by wire from an unknown playwright. I did not buy these plays because I had prejudices in favor of plays of this type; I might have bought them just the same if they had been farces or comedies instead of melodramas. That's why I say to the young playwright—Write what's in you to write, and not what you think managers will want. Managers want what interests them when they read it; before they read a play, they don't know what they want.

By ARTHUR HOPKINS

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THE legend prevails that managers produce plays to make money, and perhaps some do, but there are others of us who don't. My primary reason for putting on any play is that I like it so much I want to see it on the stage. After it's produced I hope, naturally, that it will draw large audiences, but that is more than a desire to make money. I know perfectly well in these days when theatres are operated as real estate ventures a play must draw business in order to live.

As for declaring what play I'll like, there is no possible way of telling until I read it. Other things being equal, I'm not likely to accept a melodrama or farce, certainly not the ordinary crude product, but if an unusual play came along, no matter what its *genus,* I would certainly be interested in it.

I still hold to the belief that a manager's chief service to the theatre and to the public is the finding of new plays, the unearthing of new authors. The entire success of the theatre depends upon them. I would rather produce an unknown author's first success than a famous author's last one. It's only human to read a play by Eugene O'Neill with greater expectations than one by Mr. Blank, but at the same time there's always the chance Mr. Blank will prove to be another Galsworthy.

My tastes are catholic as evidenced by my productions, ranging from the Clare Kummer comedies to *The Hairy Ape.* This season I'm doing, among other plays, a great romantic drama, *The Fountain,* by Eugene O'Neill, a tragedy, *Launzi,* by Ferencz Molnar, and a gay comedy, *A Royal Fandango,* by Zoe Akins. Each has a quality in it that makes me eager to produce it.

In Search of an American Siddons

An Expert Examines the Claims of Our Younger Actresses to Lasting Fame

By RICHARD WILLIS

AMONG American actresses of the present day only four stand out as either having the gift of genius or of possessing the elements which constitute distinctive or living success—Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Helen Menken, and Eva Le Gallienne.

Through her independence in art, as well as in the admirable way she has handled the business problems of her career, and by the keen insight of her conception of certain parts, Mrs. Fiske should leave an impression behind her. She is one of the Intellectuals and, like Duse, has been uncompromising in her endeavor to present characters as she sees and feels them. She has brilliant initiative and is a creative artist of the first rank. She has a large following, but as an actress she has received her full meed of adverse criticism. In parts such as Becky Sharp and Tess, she was inimitable. In rôles calling for a stress of passion or infinite tenderness, she often failed to create a lasting impression.

THE CLASSIC STAR

BY virtue of the brilliant work done by Margaret Anglin, her versatility, her understanding and her devotion to the classics, this actress deserves a place in the history of our drama. When Miss Anglin retires, many of us will realize how much she has meant to the American stage. The range of her art is large; the work accomplished stupendous. Among other performances, she played Ophelia and Virginia opposite James O'Neill; Roxane to Richard Mansfield's Cyrano, and a number of prominent rôles as leading lady of the Empire stock company, an invaluable experience. She scored two especially big hits: one as Mrs. Dane in *Mrs. Dane's Defense,* and the other as Ruth Jordan in *The Great Divide* with Henry Miller. Many tours, including one in Australia, added to her artistry and popularity, her repertoire consisting of such plays as those of Shakespeare, Oscar Wilde, Sophocles' *Antigone, Medea,* and *The Electra.*

Among the younger actresses Helen Menken must be most seriously considered. Her tremendously impressive acting in *The Triumph of X* and as Diane in *Seventh Heaven* demands this. Miss Menken burst suddenly upon Broadway and rather took our breath away. Her conquest of the critics and her audiences in a decidedly theatrical play says much for her ability, especially as she makes them accept the unfortunate Diane as a living person. The part is additionally difficult, as it is keyed in a monotone almost throughout.

It is hard to compare her with anyone. Duse somewhat comes to mind, but this volatile young creature has outbursts which Duse expresses in different ways. There is something of Sybil Thorndyke, too; but the art of the English actress is more finished than that of the younger actress. Here is a white hope indeed; and it is to be desired that this ambitious and histrionically-gifted girl will not fall into fatal mannerisms as she threatens to do. She must avoid a tendency to pose or strike dramatic attitudes.

There is no doubt that she is tremendously in earnest and does not believe herself to be a great or finished artist; and being level-headed there is fine promise for her future. Will some producer please gamble on Helen Menken's potentialities in classic tragedy or high-class drama? We want to see her extended.

Eva Le Gallienne, now playing the Princess in *The Swan,* brought herself prominently before us by her splendid acting in *Liliom.* She gave to the part of Julie a forlornness and hopelessness which was very true in its suggested distress. Such a touching performance presages others of equal importance; and here is a case of the actual need of the right opportunities, the right plays for the expansion of a rather unusual personality and talent. Without them, Miss Le Gallienne will remain in the class of excellent artists.

I can see what a high-class stock company would do for this actress; how it would expand and extend her. She has no business being attached to any play which is due for a long run, unless it happens to be an inspiring part in an inspiring play.

I wonder whether Miss Le Gallienne does not take herself too seriously, and that thereby she is unable to take her art seriously enough. Self-consciousness means a lack of humor, which in turn means a lack of versatility. She has striking emotional qualities and a large measure of intelligence; and she is likely to inspire herself and us one day. Aided by such stimulation, I look for big things from her.

Victor Georg

KATHARINE CORNELL

This talented and charming young actress, who delighted us as the flapper in *A Bill of Divorcement,* has again scored as the arch, dainty Henriette in *Casanova.*

ART WITHOUT OPPORTUNITY

ONE day Alice Brady may do something really great; it depends on the sincerity of her ambition and the obtainment of plays of sufficient depth and inspiration to bring out her full powers. She has shown possibilities more than once; but has always been restricted by the artificiality of the vehicles in which she has appeared. Certainly *Zander the Great* will add nothing to her reputation.

She knows how to extract full value from her somewhat hoarse but pleasing voice, and is no doubt helped in this by her years of acting and singing in Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Came Pauline Lord with an inspired rendering of the part of a courtesan. Miss Lord took full advantage of the opening offered her by a masterpiece in playwriting, *Anna Christie,* a most able support, and a rôle full of acting possibilities and characterization. Here was acting so fine that Pauline Lord was forgotten; and the full sympathy of the audience was accorded to a girl whose only hope of redemption lay in her bruised love for a self-centered brute. As the demented heroine in *Launzi* she did not strike so true a note.

In estimating the talents of Miss Lord, it is necessary to wrench one's self away from her close association with the O'Neill play.

(*Continued on page* 64)

ANN HARDING

Whose golden beauty and fine sincerity are the chief attractions in *Tarnish* at the Belmont.

Goldberg

(Below)

PAULINE LORD

Whose Anna Christie stood out as one of the most notable impersonations of the last decade.

Muray

Monroe

PHYLLIS POVAH

After winning laurels in *Icebound* this earnest and interesting actress is now gaining new applause in *Windows*.

MADELAINE MARSHALL

Young American débutante who has scored a sensational success in London in *Ambush*.

Muray

Muray

ROBERTA ARNOLD

Whose contagious humor in *The First Year* and now in *Chicken Feed*, gained her many admirers.

KATHLENE MACDONELL

Having scored as the outcast in *The Deluge*, this actress made another good impression in *The Dancers*.

Schwarz

THE RISING TIDE OF STAGE TALENT

American Actresses of the Younger Generation Whose Dramatic Gift Should Take Them Far

The tutor (Basil Rathbone) teaches history to their royal highnesses, but his thoughts wander in the direction of their fair sister, Alexandra.

(Below) Princess Beatrice (Hilda Spong) tells her daughter (Eva Le Gallienne) that the only way to arouse the prince is to make him jealous. She must pretend to love the tutor.

Invited to the banquet in a tone that no man could misunderstand, the tutor stands speechless, not able to realize the great happiness that has come to him.

Just before dinner, Alexandra feels she cannot go on with the deception any longer. She confesses he was invited only as a trick.

During the banquet, the prince takes pleasure in humbling the tutor who, unable to bear it any longer, finally rises and insults the royal guest.

THE NEW PLAY

"The Swan" Molnar's Delightful Comedy of Royal Romance

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Oedipus Rex

Tragedy by Sophocles. Produced by Sir John Martin-Harvey at the Century Theatre on October 25, with the following cast:

Oedipus Rex, Martin Harvey; Jocasta, Miriam Lewes; Creon, Gordon McLeod; Tiresias, Fred Grove; Messenger from Corinth, Walter Pearce; Old Servant of Laius, Harold Carton; Messenger, Eugene Wellesley; A Priest, G. Fredericks; Leader of Chorus, Harvey Braban.

SPLENDIDLY impressive, rarely intelligent, vitally effective—such is Sir John Martin-Harvey's production of *Oedipus Rex.*

The presentation of a classic repertoire is inevitably to invite comparison. Sir John will find memories rise up to confront him when he acts Hamlet, but in the Sophoclean tragedy there are few to dispute the novelty of the occasion. Only three actors have personated in this country the fate persecuted Theban king—George Riddle, Mounet-Sully and John E. Kellard. Sir John's *Oedipus* is a careful, distinguished performance, but not an inspired one. It lacks the fire and majestic sweep of great acting. The English tragedian deserves greater credit as the author of a most satisfying production from the scenic and histrionic point than as the actor imparting virility, formidable power and vast emotional appeal—qualities absolutely essential for the proper rendering of this tremendously exacting rôle. Brains take the place of brawn, but a certain amplitude of person is needed for a Lear or an Oedipus. Sir John is forced to suggest the physical attributes of the part.

The almost static requirements of the Attic stage force the player to show his declamatory and elocutionary powers at their greatest height. Sir John's reading is clear, the meaning of Gilbert Murray's lines is lucidly revealed and there is skilled variety in the delivery, but to reach the required rotundity of expression the actor gives evidence of the constant physical effort needed for the proper stentorian effect. His Oedipus is dignifiedly regal in face and bearing, and his reactions from the revelations of his incestuous relations with his mother-wife are finely expressed and the moments of alternating fear and hope that he is not the murderer of his father are denoted with fine dramatic emphasis. But the *finale* of grief, horror, despair and pain lack the poignant note that Mounet-Sully sounded with such compelling conviction.

Miriam Lewes, albeit too young, is excellent as Jocastra and Gordon McLeod a virile Creon. Fred Grove is a truly admirable Tiresias while Harold Carlton gives a finished picture of faithful old age as the servant of the murdered Laius. Eugene Wellesley is a spirited messenger and Harvey Braban leads the Chorus with impressive distinction. The diction throughout is music to the ear.

The setting was finely massive and dignified, and the Reinhardtian touches well done.

The Swan

Comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar, produced by Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Cort Theatre on October 23, with the following cast:

Dr. Nicholas Agi, Basil Rathbone; Princess Beatrice, Hilda Spong; Alexandra, Eva Le Gallienne; Father Hyacinth, Halliwell Hobbes; Prince Albert, Philip Merivale; Caesar, Richie Ling; Princess Maria Dominica, Alison Skipworth; Countess Erdely, Geraldine Beckwith.

WITH *The Swan,* that gifted and versatile Hungarian dramatist, Ferenc Molnar, is assured of an even more immediate response from American audiences than he received with *Liliom.* The latter proved, indeed, one of the Theatre Guild's biggest successes, but dealing as it did with psychic phenomena and flights of intellectual fancy, it was largely caviar to the many and at best enjoyed only a restricted patronage.

The Swan, more normally earth-bound, makes a much wider appeal. It presents no wierd spiritual problems nor does it deal with occult philosophy to befog soul and mind. First and last it is sound, wholesome entertainment, with fine characterization and a swift, absorbing action. Keen and subtle satire on mid-European royalties as it may be—delightful irony much of which must necessarily miss fire with untravelled spectators—the comedy is essentially human and contains certain fundamentals that never fail to assure popular success—a romantic, pleasing story, touching pathos, diverting humor furnished by a match-making mother and a punctilious major domo, beauty of stage investiture and, most important of all, a strong and compelling love interest.

The atmosphere is that of the *Prisoner of Zenda* and other romantic tales by Anthony Hope, the play dealing with an imaginery kingdom, whose failing fortunes can be retrieved only by an alliance through the marriage of Princess Alexandra with Prince Albert, heir apparent to a powerful dynasty. The queen mother is anxious to have her daughter marry the prince and Alexandra, a proud, slender, lily-like patrician, is willing to sacrifice herself for the exaltation of her house. But the prince, a heavy, boorish fellow, seems to have no eye for the fair Alexandra, the match makes no progress, and the queen is in dispair.

Suddenly she has an inspiration. The best way to prod the prince to action is to make him jealous. Of whom? There's her sons' tutor. The young man worships her daughter, but from afar, as the meanest swineherd might sink to his knees and worship the sun. Of course, Princess Alexandra has never deigned to notice him. At first hesitating, she lends herself to her mother's scheme. There is to be a dinner in the prince's honor. Alexandra invites the tutor and in such a manner as to lead the young man to think she has noticed him more than casually. He is overwhelmed with emotion. Can it be possible that the princess has guessed his secret and reciprocates his feelings? Boldly, he now declares his passion, but coldly she reminds him that he is a commoner and she of the blood royal. Why this invitation then? he demands. Cynically—yet not without concern for the pain inflicted—she admits he is but the pawn in the matrimonial game, the bait with which her mother would catch the prince.

In the next act the table is set for the feast. The royal party comes in. Afraid now that the affair has gone too far, the queen tries to dissuade the tutor from remaining, but the young man, angered at the indignity done him, insists on sitting down. The prince, his jealousy now aroused, ridicules the scholar all through the dinner until the latter, unable to stand it any longer and having drunk more wine than is good for him, rises and insults the royal guest. There is instant uproar. The prince dashes forward to punish the upstart when princess Alexandra comes forward and throwing her arms about the tutor's neck, kisses him. The queen promptly faints. The prince sneeringly offers apologies. This effective scene did not fail to bring down the house.

Eva Le Gallienne's own aristocratic, high-bred personality fits admirably that of the princess—cold, haughtily reserved, unbending only as it serves her mother's purpose. When it comes to showing feminine tenderness in response to the tutor's passionate pleading, the actress is on less sure ground. Like Mrs. Fiske who has never been able to successfully portray maternal love, Miss Le Gallienne seldom rings true in scenes where she is called upon to reciprocate masculine ardor. The soft, feminine note is missing—a matter of temperament probably—but, as it fortunately happens, what would be a handicap in most plays is an asset rather than a defect in her present rôle for, after all, it is sympathy—not love—that moves her to kiss the tutor.

Hilda Spong was admirable as the queen mother. Herman Merivale was quite in the picture as the prince, and Basil Rathbone played the tutor with fine dignity. Halliwell Hobbes gave a beautiful performance as Father Hyacinth.

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

CASANOVA—A highly colored, romantic spectacle of 18th century Italy. A pathetic and interesting love story enlivened with good comedy.

CHILDREN OF THE MOON—An exceedingly strong and interesting play on a most unusual theme. Some of the best acting seen in New York in years.

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY—Amusing St. John Ervine comedy with delightful acting by Mrs. Fiske and supporting cast.

THE CHANGELINGS—A brilliant cast of players in one of the most interesting and intellectual comedies which have graced Broadway in many seasons.

THE LULLABY—A vivid melodrama of French underworld life. Admirably acted by Florence Reed and supporting cast. Not desirable fare for immature minds.

THE SWAN—Delightful romantic comedy, admirably acted by Eva Le Gallienne and associates. The safest bet in town.

Launzi

Drama in three acts by Ferenc Molnar, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre on Oct. 10, with the following cast:

Claire, Adrienne Morrison; Frederick, Charles Millward; Anna, Xenia Polinoff; Launzi, Miss Lord; Imre, Saxon Kling; Redempta, Mary Hubbard; Louis, Edward Robinson; Dr. Jeki, Edgar Stehli; Dr. Anton, William J. McClure; Ivan, Albert Bruning; Madam Ivan, Christine Compton; First Angel, Miriam Battista.

THIS exotic from Budapesth, a pseudo-reverential fantasy in which raw melodrama mingled disconcertingly with the finer things of the spirit, did not linger long on Broadway. The public wouldn't bite and so they missed seeing how pretty Pauline Lord looked wearing angels' wings. Of late, this actress has accustomed us to find her impersonating quite a different kind of angel. To see Anna Christie in a virginal rôle was surely attraction enough in itself.

Not that Mr. Molnar's tragedy can be classed as pleasant entertainment. Personally, I do not care, as a steady diet, for suicides, coffins and funeral biers with burning candles and weeping nuns. Nor can I work up much enthusiasm for the harrowing spectacle of a young woman losing her reason or listen with comfort to the ravings of a distraught mind. It is all very morbid and painful, not to say grewsome and sacriligeous. Frequently, during the hectic action, when the only talk was of lunacy, corpses and watery graves, one squirmed restlessly on his seat with one eye on the exit for a quick get away. While some of the situations are not without human appeal, for the most part, the piece is artificial, shallow and unconvincing. It was, however, so well acted, the tragic theme so potentially applicable to every home, that I'm somewhat surprised it failed to make so little impression.

The cynical will scoff, of course. Modern girls, they sneer, do not lose their reason from unrequited love. Don't they? Go and question the directors of our lunatic asylums. They will tell you a different story. To this extent, the tragedy may be said to be based on reasonable premises.

Heavenly and Earthly Love was the original name of the drama and, unlike most play titles, it exactly fits. The conflict between carnal and spiritual passion—that is the author's theme. Launzi, an innocent, trusting girl, loves with all the ardor of her virginal heart a youth named Imre. Also without world experience, the boy thinks Launzi the only girl in the universe, until one day he meets Launzi's mother, a sensuous, brilliant woman now remarried after having been divorced from her first husband. The mature woman attracts the youth and in a spirit of vanity she trifles with him. Instantly she is sorry, but it is too late. She has fired a fierce flame that nothing now can extinguish. Launzi comes in unexpectedly and finds her mother and Imre together. Something snaps within her. She does not blame them, but she can no longer live at home. She goes away and tries to drown herself. Her father comes for her and she goes to live with him, although still obsessed by thoughts of death. If Imre could only see her laid out in her shroud he might be sorry. She makes her father consent to such make-believe and the stage is all set—the supposed corpse on the bier, covered with flowers, burning candles, a weeping nun. Imre comes in and reverently lays a flower at her feet. Launzi opens her eyes and admits it was done to prick his conscience. He asks her to forgive him, but she says it is too late. Their innocent romance is shattered forever. He goes away and she continues living with her father, but, still to humor her disordered fancy, the entire household is now instructed to regard her as dead. She lives among them as an angel, wearing great white wings and the very furniture altered so she can sit down with the wings which she never removes. Finally, she kills herself by jumping through a window thinking she is flying to join a band of children carollers.

Pauline Lord was entirely too healthy and normal looking for her impersonation, sincere and intelligent as it was, to bear the slightest verisimilitude to the dramatist's conception of his spiritual, melancholy, neuresthenic heroine. She gave a fine performance, but not for a minute could the audience be persuaded that this buxom, wholesome looking woman was really afflicted with the mental disorders from which she was supposed to be suffering. This defect in the casting of the play was a serious handicap in its chances of success for it destroyed that great essential—the dramatic illusion. And I say this with all homage to Miss Lord, of whose charming personality and great talent there is no warmer admirer than the present reviewer.

Adrienne Morrison, another fine actress of whom the American stage may well be proud, and seen too seldom in local productions, played the mother with consummate artistry. She was superb in the first act in the heartbreaking farewell scene with her daughter. I liked her less well in the last act probably because she has less opportunity.

That sterling actor, Albert Bruning, gave dignity and pathos to the rôle of the father.

Windows

A comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre on October 8, with the following cast:

Geoffrey March, Moffat Johnston; Joan March, Helen Westley; Mary March, Frieda Inescourt; Johnny March, Kenneth MacKenna; Cook, Alice Belmore Cliffe; Mr. Bly, Henry Travers; Faith Bly, Phyllis Povah; Blunter, George Baxter; Mr. Barnabas, Francis Tweed.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S playwriting methods are, by this time, well known. He takes some problem, ethical, economical, or sociological, presents it through the medium of a simple story and then proceeds to argue it out pro and con through strongly defined and humanly differentiated characters. Its solution is frequently left to the man in front. But as we know, most great problems have a habit of hanging in the air no matter how deep or coonsiderable the discussion. Such a treatment has resulted in *The Silver Box, Strife, The Pigeon, The Skin Game* and *Loyalties*—a list of achievements that puts him in the very front rank of twentieth century dramatists.

Galsworthy's present thesis has not the universal appeal of its predecessors. It contains as usual, characters who argue for more tolerance, more human understanding, more generosity than the world and his wife at present give to those who suffer through error or circumstance. The question propounded is what shall be the attitude toward the young unmarried girl who commits infanticide. The question is introduced into the household of an English author with a wife who is eminently practical, a daughter something in her mother's vein, and a son, a participant in the world's war, who avows a philosophy of doubt and despair. The story is interesting and handled with delicacy, feeling and literary eloquence. It is entertaining but little more, and in its performance there is careful and earnest work manifested by the Guild Players.

The ablest personation is presented by Henry Travers as the philosophically discursive window cleaner, Mr. Bly, whose daughter's introduction as a maid into the March household precipitates the discussion. Very quaint and characteristic is Mr. Travers.

The innate refinement of Phyllis Povah rather dominates in her assumption of Faith Bly, but it is a gracious presentment of illogical and irrepressible youth. The March *ménage* is well handled by Moffat Johnston, Helen Westley, Frieda Inescourt and Kenneth MacKenna. Particularly good is George Baxter as the unspeakable Blunter, and Alice Belmore the omniscient cook whose slant on life is sought by all.

The Dancers

Melodrama in three acts by Sir Gerald du Maurier, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Broadhurst Theatre on October 16, with the following cast:

Mrs. Gabrielle Mayne, Daisy Belmore; George Fothering, H. Langdon Bruce; Una Lowery, Florence Eldridge; Evan Carruthers, Pat Somerset; Tony, Richard Bennett; Maxine, Kathlene MacDonell; Nellie, Barbara Bennett; Wal, Edwin Hensley; Billie, Almerin Gowing.

THE distinguished author of *Trilby* would assuredly turn in his grave could he guess the sort of play his son, Sir Gerald du Maurier, has turned out in *The Dancers*. A more unabashed, barefaced specimen of cheap dramatic hokum has not been seen in these parts for many a moon.

The drama came here with the reputation of huge success in London where it has been running to crowded houses for months. That, of course, means little or nothing. Thanks to the vitiation and deterioration of public taste by the puling movies—a condition even worse across the water than with us—the standard of English audiences was never lower than today. The plays your cockney pittite likes are those with highly seasoned plots and sensational situations, pieces dealing with high life, jazz and sex. A melodrama like the present one, in which the gentlemanly hero, roughing it *incognito* in the wilds of Northwestern Canada, suddenly comes into an earldom and returns to England to claim both his estates and the little girl he left behind—a sophisticated young flapper who has been so careless as to lose her chastity—is certain of popular appeal.

Una Lowery—a devotee to jazz—loves Tony and would marry him, only Tony, though well connected, is poor. A romance which would entail curtailment of her pleasures has no attraction for Una so she lets him go off to Canada alone. After his departure, she continues jazzing with other men, listening to her ardent dance partners as they press their hectic cheeks close to hers, until one day, to her horror, she finds that, moth like, she has buzzed too close to the candle and singed her wings. She will soon be a mother. Frantic at the

Mr. March (*Moffat Johnston*), always against the Government, finds much to criticize in his morning paper, to the amusement of his son Johnny (*Kenneth MacKenna*), who is of the opinion that since the war there are no ideals left, and Mary (*Frieda Inescourt*), his daughter, a typical English girl of the twentieth century.

Into the March family comes Faith Bly (*Phyllis Povah*), brought there by Mr. Bly, the window cleaner (*Henry Travers*), who hopes that the new environment will do her more good than her recent sojourn in prison.

Johnny champions Faith's cause against his mother (*Helen Westley*), the only practical member of the family.

Perhaps Mrs. March is justified in her presentiments judging by this scene at the window between Johnny and Faith.

Johnny refuses to allow Faith to leave her room and upsets the family by going on a hunger strike to the particular dismay of "Cook" (*Alice Belmore Cliffe*).

Photos Bruguiere.

Johnny offers himself in matrimony in a a last attempt to save her. But Faith is honest enough to refuse his generous offer, arguing that, after all, she alone will have to work out her own salvation.

THE NEW PLAY

The Theatre Guild Presents "Windows," John Galsworthy's Study of Human Frailties

Emmet (*Tom Powers*), admits his past isn't without tarnish but if Letitia (*Ann Harding*), will marry him he'll keep straight the rest of his life.

Mrs. Tevis (*Mrs. Russ Whytall*), depends on the $500 to pay the rent, but Mr. Tevis (*Albert Gran*), can't find it and finally admits he gave it to a lady of easy morals named Nettie Dark.

White, N. Y.

Photo Burke.

Letitia goes to the flat of Nettie Dark (*Fania Marinoff*), to demand the return of the money, and to her surprise finds Emmet there and Nettie's arms round his neck.

(*Below*) Letitia, heartbroken, disillusioned, tells Emmet all is over between them, but he pleads with her and finally wins.

Enraged at the trick played upon him, Emmet sees red and tries to strangle the woman who once he loved.

THE NEW PLAY

"Tarnish" at the Belmont, a Sex Play of Unusual Interest and Appeal

discovery, the intimate details of which are discussed plainly before the audience, even including a visit paid that afternoon to the doctor, the young girl is desperate. Her seducer—a suave young man—magnanimously offers to marry her, but he admits he's dead broke. A pretty mess! Most opportunely, however, a solicitor now arrives with the news that Lord Chievely and his son have been killed in an accident, and that Tony, the Earl's nephew, inherits the title. The wretched Una grasps at the opportunity as a drowning woman at a straw. A husband and a title! Really, she didn't deserve so much. She wires Tony she'll marry him.

The next act shows a flash back as in the movies. We see Tony bossing a rowdy dancing saloon in the Canadian wilds. The bar is crowded with rough cowboys, soldiers, trappers and dance girls. The men are a bunch of rough necks and the girls no better than they should be, but all respect Tony who runs the place with masterly hand. The girls worship him—especially Maxine, the auburn-haired dancer, but he has eyes for no one. All his thoughts are of Una, of whose sweet girlish beauty he is constantly reminded by the broken twig in his pocket, a piece of which each retained. A cable arrives telling him he is heir to the title. Goodbye to the saloon and Canada!

The scene changes to London. It is Una's wedding day and Tony's arrival is celebrated by a *tete à tete* luncheon at the Hotel Savoy. Tony comes in and, greeting the faltering Una with the greatest affection, showers on her costly jewels. He is so good natured, so trustful, so unsuspecting that the girl feels she can't go on with the deception so, profiting by his temporary absence from the room, she takes an overdose of morphine and falls dead in her bridal robe. Tony is inexpressibly shocked, as any gentleman would be, at this unexpected *contretemps,* and, in his newly acquired white spats and silk topper, sadly haunts the Piccadilly clubs until one day, the long arm of coincidence relieves the pressure by again putting him in touch with Maxine, the dancer, now a favorite London performer, who gratefully accepts what crumbs may still fall from his lordship's table.

Pretty poor stuff for a du Maurier! The dialogue is wholly without distinction, while the comedy, especially the feeble attempts to be funny with *menu* French in the restaurant scene, is almost unbelievably amateurish.

Richard Bennett, too good an actor to be wasting his talents on such material, looked exceedingly well as Tony and brought to the rôle of the saloon keeper who becomes a lord —absurd and stereotyped as it may be—surprising vivacity and youthfulness. In the last act especially he was excellent, investing the scene where he meets Maxine with fine dignity and feeling. But most of the play is so artificial and false to life that the actor cannot be blamed if at times he fails to put life into his part.

Florence Eldridge had good moments as Una, but a rather poor enunciation, added to certain mannerisms and an unfortunate manner of walking, particularly noticeable in her bridal robe, marred somewhat her performance.

Kathlene MacDonell, who made such a favorable impression some time ago as the outcast in *The Deluge,* again proved in the rôle of Maxine that she has in her the stuff of which stars are made.

Sothern and Marlowe

Cymbeline, a romance by William Shakespeare, produced by Mr. Sothern at the Jolson Theatre on October 2, with the following cast:

Cymbeline, V. L. Granville; Cloten, France Bendtsen; Posthumus Leonatus, E. H. Sothern; Belarius, Albert Howson; Guiderius, Murray Kinnell; Arviragus, H. Fisher White; Pisanio, Vincent Sternroyd; Cornelius, Frank Peters; First British Lord, John MacFarlane; Queen, Lenore Chippendale; Helen, Florence Fair; Imogen, Julia Marlowe; Iachimo, Frederick Lewis; Philario, T. G. Bailey; Caius Lucius, Wallis Roberts.

GRANVILLE BARKER, in his devotion to the integrity of the text, had his players gallop through their Shakespeare, that they might end within a reasonable time. Sothern and Marlowe are equally faithful to the original script, but persist in a more than leisurely *tempo.* This result was quite maddening at times and as a consequence their truly beautiful production of *Cymbeline,* with which they opened their new season at the Jolson, was robbed of its full poetical significance and dramatic effect. Their version should still further be cut: Three and a half hours of any masterpiece is too much.

But cavil who will, this generation should be grateful for an opportunity to witness a play, so seldom produced, even though the critics and annotators are agreed that it is one of the most exasperating that ever dripped from the master's pen. Richard Grant White says: "In the construction of no other play has Shakespeare set probability and consistency—time, place and physical possibility—so absolutely at naught." The ellipses so persistent in the text of *Cymbeline* and so characteristic of the Bard in his latest period are quite baffling. Lytton Strachey's essay on this era is both illuminating and sound.

The production at the Jolson was a series of beautiful pictures. The lighting, the costumes superbly rich in color and texture, contributed a succession of delights to the eye. The acting too in the main was eminently satisfying.

Imogen, universally acknowledged Shakespeare's finest feminine creation, is at Miss Marlowe's hands an impersonation of superlative dignity, tenderness, and passionate devotion. The contempt she felt for Cloten was expressed with fine dramatic scorn and the big scene with Iachimo handled with rare *finesse* as the wickedness of the Italian's suggestions dawned upon her. Mr. Sothern's Leonatus is not happy despite his earnest strenuous efforts to denote conviction. Touching fidelity allied with fine dignity denoted Vincent Sternroyd's Pisanio. The vacuous viciousness of Cloten found a happy exponent in France Bendtsen. Albert Howson was a sonorous Belarius, while Frederick Lewis was consummately Italian as the insinuating Iachimo.

For the second offering of their season at the Jolson, Mr. Sothern revived *The Taming of the Shrew.* A long time favorite in their repertoire, their handsome and adequate setting and presentation of the Shakespearean farce has drawn well. A sprightly and intensive portrayal of the noisy exuberant Petruchio is Mr. Sothern's contribution. The proud, defiant Katharine is one of Miss Marlowe's most finished and consistent characterizations. It is a tribute to her delightful personality that the shrewish, sharp tongued Kate wins from her audience kindly sympathy and generous applause. The transition from the turbulent to the tamely quiescent wife is marked by nice strokes of verbal and physical felicity.

The company shines to particular advantage, especially in the section presided over by the low comedians. France Bendtsen as Gremio, Murray Kinnell as Tranio, Albert Howson as Biondello are particularly happy in the expression of various moods of humor, while T. G. Bailey is adroitly droll as Grumio. An especially distinct bit of portraiture is Vincent Sternroyd's Pedant forced to assume with comic dignity the office of personating his superior.

The Ziegfeld Follies

Spectacular revue in two acts. Lyrics by Gene Buck. Music by Victor Herbert, Rudolph Friml, and Dave Stamper. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the New Amsterdam Theatre on Oct. 22, with these principals:

Olga Steck, William Roselle, Brooke Johns, Fannie Brice, Paulette Dual, Mlle. Florianne, Billy Revel, Edna Leedom, Dave Stamper, Alexander Yakovileff, Harland Dixon, Bert and Betty Wheeler, Marie Callahan, Roy Cropper, Catherine Gallimore, Paul Whitman.

LAST month I expressed surprise at the poor showing made this year by the big *Revues.* I pointed out—what every intelligent theatregoer must have noticed himself—that, despite the usual laudatory and misleading praise in the daily newspapers, the bills offered this season are, in merit, far below the standard set in previous years. I intimated, as delicately as possible, that, as *spectacles de luxe* at $10 a throw, the entertainment furnished is, for the most part, the poorest I have ever failed to laugh at.

But when I said that, I had not yet seen the new *Ziegfeld Follies.* Since sitting through that mirthless mess, I must revise my previous opinion. To Ziggy goes the palm for presenting at $22 a seat (first night tariff), the most dreary, stupid, pointless, unbeautiful, unfunny show that Broadway has probably ever seen.

It came all the more as a shock because Ziegfeld has educated us to expect the very best —gorgeous *mise en scène,* sumptuous costumes, funny comedians, clever acts, girls of marvellous beauty. He has some good lookers this year—that I admit—but the majority—well, go and judge for yourself. The main disappointment, however, is the lack of snap in the whole show, the unattractive settings and clothes, the stale jokes and still more stale performers, the lack of novelty and invention, the general tawdriness and inanity of the entire program. There are a few good things, but so few that they are quite smothered under the general mediocrity.

What's become of Ziegfeld's boasted *flair* for originality and smartness? As for originality—I let you decide. What do you find as one of the features of Act II? The Hippodrome crow! Incredible! you exclaim. Yet it's a fact. The Hippodrome crow—that old chestnut of several seasons served up hot at $22 a plate! Also reminiscent of the Hip is the number where glittering show girls come marching twenty abreast up steps from below. At the Hippodrome they marched out of the water; here they march out of the cellar! And those girl acrobats at the opening of the bill—what

(*Continued on Page* 68)

Vices and Virtues of the American Theatre

Seeing Ourselves As We Are Seen—Through the Eyes of a Celebrated Foreign Dramatist

By MELCHIOR LENGYEL
Author of *The Czarina, Sancho Panza, The Typhoon,* Etc.

THE institution on the American stage I dislike most is the so-called "play doctor." He's the man who kills the play. That is to say, he presumes to cut and slash the dialogue, alter the situations, etc., an unwarranted, possibly illegal, interference with other people's property. Writers of strong individuality are lacking today on the American stage because their individuality—if they happen to have any—is destroyed by the "play doctor."

The Broadway producer loves to perform such operations, particularly on foreign plays. A play is usually such a complicated piece of work that only a better man than the author should be allowed to touch it. But the producer—who is above everything a business man—thinks this is the only way to ensure success—commercial success—and to this obsession he sticks at all costs.

Foreign plays are Americanized, that is, falsified by placing them in an American setting and robbing them of their original atmosphere. Can Spanish, French, Hungarian characters be changed merely by applying an American varnish? The coat of paint does not make them different in character. It does not make the play American. The result is the whole thing has a strange taste of unreality. The greatest strength of a play lies in its *milieu,* atmosphere or setting. Its interest lies in the introduction of types, characters indigenous to the different lands, the growth of different soils.

It is inconceivable why American managers insist on eradicating these features. They claim they want to please their public. Admit rather that they are afraid of their public. "Our audiences wouldn't understand it," they say. They forget that there is but one play the public does not understand—the bad one. If the play is good, no one need fear producing it in its original setting. A few such Americanized plays have had successful runs, and this only strengthened the producers in their absurd contention. But they have forgotten how many valuable plays have been ruined by incompetent "play doctors and adaptors."

OUR SYSTEM COMPLICATED

IN Europe you write a play and send it to a theatre in which you would like to see it produced. It is, perhaps, accepted, and the parts are distributed among the actors attached to that theatre by the year or decade. They are repertory theatres. In America things are much more complicated. First of all, you look for a star who would like to play your leading part. Then both of you set out to find a producer. This gentleman is not always a theatre-manager or owner of a theatre. Sometimes he is a retired business man or maybe a custom tailor. He will undertake to finance the production. Then a new complication arises, for you have to find someone who owns a theatre, and this owner is usually also made partner in the production, getting a certain share for leasing his building for the purposes of the production, on a percentage basis, sometimes as much as one-half of the takings. Then they set out to find a stage director, a scenic artist, and select a cast from among the available actors and actresses. It is clear that every play requires a new organization—built up around the star, in such a manner that the star is kept constantly in the spotlight. All this requires no end of conferences. If the play is a foreign one, an adaptor is called in, and it is further complicated by the appearance of the translator, so that at the end contracts are drawn up, heavy and bulky sheets of no mean volume, which a European author looks upon with awe and respect.

This American system has many advantages and as many disadvantages. An advantage is that one can choose different actors and actresses for every cast, and the producer is in the position to present it to the best possible advantage. It is also a good idea to try out a new play in some other town before the Broadway production. These performances are really public rehearsals. They often change the text-books and alter the action after these provincial try-outs, and the New York first night is usually a perfect performance, technically and artistically. This certainly is a great advantage over the unprepared, hesitating European first nights, and I do not see why European managers cannot follow the American example in this regard.

One of the disadvantages of the American system is that it involves heavy financial risk, as they build the whole structure on one selected play, their only asset, and if the play fails it necessarily drags the whole structure with it. This danger naturally makes producers wary in selecting plays for production. They look for commercial success or plays that offer the greatest possibilities of financial return. The uncertainty also explains the hesitancy of theatre-owners to lease their buildings to producers who cannot convince them of the excellent chances of the play they are about to produce. The owners of theatres leasing their buildings on a percentage basis have a say in the production itself, in order to protect their interests. So there you are. Even the landlord may blue pencil your play!

Two producers occupy today a commanding and enviable position in American theatricals. One is David Belasco. The other is Arthur Hopkins.

David Belasco looks like a minister with his black coat buttoned up to the chin, his snow-white hair, rosy cheeks, and amazing freshness and youth. Broadway has many important openings during a season, yet everything is eclipsed by a Belasco première when the old man comes out with something new, into which he has put his best, be it *Deburau, Kiki, The Merchant, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary.* He never knows a failure, because none better than Belasco understands how to practice all the arts and tricks of his trade.

HATS OFF TO THE MASTER

WHATEVER opinion one may have of the average American production, one thing is certain, as a producer Belasco stands far above all competitors—native and foreign. This is acknowledged even by those familiar with the productions of Reinhardt. Even the interior of his theatre is unusual, beautiful and artistic and typical of the man. With its dark-toned wainscoting and warm intimacy it impresses you like an old English drawing-room. In technic he is absolute perfection.

Off with the hat to the master of the stage! No one in Europe can excel him in lighting effects. He is a true wizard. In staging *Deburau,* Belasco unfortunately laid most stress on the externals. Lionel Atwill, who played the title rôle, was mediocre, with empty pathos and without the genuine passion and soul of the real comedian. The rest of the cast did not even deserve mention. True, the play itself was of small consequence, with little action and a lot of talk, consequently unsuited for American audiences who, above all, desire the sensational in drama and the grotesque in comedy.

This is not intended as a criticism. American audiences are the best, the most easily pleased, the most appreciative audiences in the world. I have studied audiences—at my own risk—all over the world, in every country in Europe, and I have never come across a more tolerant, more naïve, more affectionate public than the American.

(*Continued on page* 48)

THE ARTIST

By EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY

I bring my vision for your praise,
I know not why I wrought,
I only know consuming fires
Forged my dynamic thought.

I twisted quivering rainbow dreams,
I tore my heart-strings through,
I stripped my soul's white reticence—
To weave a masque for you.

My broken life in beauty's guise
Before your feet I throw.
Ah, cherish it to some far use,
While I, forgotten, go!

At the age of two.

At the time of her New York début.

As Topsy in stock. Age 15.

In *Arms and the Girl.*

(*Lower center panel*) As Ming Toy in *East Is West.*

As the Lady Cristilinda.

As the Japanese princess in *The Willow Tree.*

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGE—No. 15 FAY BAINTER

Miss Bainter was born in Los Angeles, Cal. Made her first appearance on the stage at the age of four under the management of Oliver Morosco with Nance O'Neil in *The Jewess.* Until she was fourteen she played child parts up and down the Pacific Coast, until she became the ingenue of a Seattle, Wash., stock company. Her New York début was made as Celine Marinter in *The Rose of Panama* at Daly's in 1912, and the following year as Alice Weston in *The Bridal Path* at the 39th Street Theatre. In 1914 Miss Bainter toured in support of Mrs. Fiske in *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh.* After this, stock engagements in Albany, Des Moines, and Toledo. Reappeared in New York as Ruth Sherwood in *Arms and the Girl* at the Fulton Theatre. Other plays in which Miss Bainter has appeared are: *A Delicate Situation, The Chatterbox, Sazzus Matazus, The Willow Tree, The Kiss Burglar,* and then came her greatest success as Ming Toy in *East Is West.* Last year Miss Bainter appeared in the title rôle of *The Lady Cristilinda.* She is now under the management of David Belasco.

(*Motif Lyman Brown*)

Broadway's King of the Chorus

Ned Wayburn, Official Picker for the Ziegfeld Follies, Tells What He Knows About Show Girls

By ADA PATTERSON

"THERE goes Old King Opportunity," says Broadway, as a tall, keen-eyed man passes. He is not old. But he is a king in his own peculiar domain. He is the open door for the stage struck girl. He is an alchemist who transmutes raw material, so raw that it is appalling, into actresses.

Ned Wayburn is the only man I know whose name is in the telephone book four times. From which you may infer that he is busy. Yea, verily, he leads a quadruple life. But you would not know it if in your pursuit of him you overtook him at one of the addresses you had looked up in the telephone directory. He is as remarkable in his possession of poise as of four working telephone numbers.

That is more understandable when you know his origin. He came not from the lower stratum. He is not one of the self-made men with whom the inspirational magazines eagerly concern themselves. He never knew hunger or the park benches. He was graduated to the stage from that state in which poise is indispensable. He is a son of society. He was born and bred never to become over enthusiastic, never to indulge in vehemence, never to raise his voice. Out Chicago way it was a month's wonder when a personable young man of good family, reared as far from the slaughter houses as could be accomplished without falling into the lake, went on the stage as a buck dancer. But even that transition he achieved without haste and with due regard for decorum. For he was first an amateur actor and dancer and evolved by gradual process to the professional status.

BEAUTY CARD INDEXED

WITHIN two years after he forsook Chicago for "The Road" he was crowned King of Buck Dancers. Then, as he learned and practiced all other dancing steps, beside the buck and wing, and taught them to lovely young things at rehearsals, he won another title. It was "The King of Chorus Girls." This for no domestic application, though Agnes Wayburn of the original Florodora Sextette, was his wife, but because at last account he trained twenty thousand coryphees for their evolutions. Furthermore, he has card indexed the addresses and personal history of every chorus girl who ever invaded Manhattan Island, or deserted it. Detectives who seek a maid of the ensemble, fallen upon evil times, go first to Ned Wayburn's directory to catch the dropped thread of her whereabouts.

Again, as the years have passed and his activities expanded, he has been crowned King. The last title is "Old King Opportunity." Some of his subjects prefix another adjective, "Kind Old King Opportunity," because he does not ask that question that moves them to fright and prevarication: "Have you had any experience?"

NED WAYBURN

Stage beauty expert who transmutes raw material into actresses.

Picture a Broadway producer who does not ask that bewhiskered query. Strain your imagination further and conceive, if you can, a Broadway producer who says, "I would rather that you had no experience." He is "The Great Chance" to every girl who wants to go on the stage.

"I can put any girl on the stage who has good features and a sense of rhythm and hastn't a hump," he says in his low, controlled voice, so low and controlled that you have to strain your ears to hear it. Yet he means it. He is ready to repeat it, from the flat-roofed tops of Manhattan houses, if Manhattan will pause long enough in the hysteria it calls life to listen.

He was at the last of the four addresses when I found him. It was half past nine o'clock in the morning. The man who has four addresses must begin his day early and extend it into the sleeping hours of most men.

VIRGINIA BEARDSLEY

One of Ned Wayburn's finished products seen in the *Demi-Tasse Revue*, and now in the *Follies*.

97 GIRLS CHOSEN OUT OF 6,743

"I AM the official picker of *Ziegfeld Follies* girls," he said. "In that capacity I saw six thousand seven hundred and forty-three girls last month. Out of that number I selected the ninety-seven for the present *Follies*. Out of the six thousand odd, five thousand had never had stage experience. Not one of them but could have been made into an actress. Any girl who has good features and a sense of rhythm and hasn't a hump can be made into an actress."

"You omitted intelligence," I reminded.

"I meant to." He tossed back the ball of conversation. "A high degree of intelligence is not necessary. If she is too intelligent she may not be teachable."

"Do you really mean that any woman can become an actress?"

"I do. Just that."

Both of us recalled in the same breath that a philosopher said that every woman is an actress. Purposely I led away from the trail. That way lay danger. Is not acting simulation, and has it not been said of us that we are ever acting a part?

"Kind Old King Opportunity" was telling me of the stars whom he had placed, or helped to place, in the high dramatic heavens: Marilyn Miller, Ann Pennington, Frances White, Mary Eaton, Gilda Gray, Florence O'Denishawn, Evelyn Law, who, he says, is the natural successor of Marilyn Miller, Ray Dooley, Bernice Hart, Rita Owen, Aline McGill, Joe Donahue, Janet Stone, Nick Long, Jr., the Fairbanks Twins. Olive Thomas was his pupil. Elsie Ferguson was in one of his choruses. Alice Joyce, the dreamy-eyed brunette who plays so ably the frightened guest of the king among the clouds in the picture version of *The Green Goddess*, was in the chorus of *The Jolly Bachelors*.

"She was a poor chorus girl," Mr. Wayburn said. "She couldn't keep step."

"Where do chorus girls come from?"

"The largest percentage of them are models." Ned Wayburn twisted his forehead into an unaccustomed frown in the effort of classification. "And from offices. Models lead. Stenographers follow."

"There is an ancient, and perhaps dishonorable, jest about chorus girls coming from dairy lunches where they try their voices on 'Ham and'."

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White

Adele Klaer, a New York beauty, in private life the wife of David Robertson, well-known illustrator; herself a painter and a poet by avocation, now appearing in *Artists and Models*.

Imogene Wilson, another fair daughter of Kentucky, discovered by Ned Wayburn for the new *Follies*.

Ira L. Hill

Helen Lee Worthing, a Kentucky beauty selected by Ned Wayburn for the Ziegfeld *Follies*.

Ira L. Hill

Virginia Crane, a beauty from Chicago, selected by Neysa Mc Mein, the artist, for the *Music Box Review*.

De Mirjian

Helena D'Algy, who comes from sunny Spain, selected by Ziggy himself, for this year's *Follies*.

White

BEAUTY RAMPANT IN NEW BROADWAY SHOWS

Ned Wayburn Girls and Some Others Whose Pulchritude Adorns New York's Newest Reviews

Ballyhooing the Burlesque Business

Managers Anxious to Revive the Good Old Days Our Grand-daddies Used to Tell About

By WILLARD HOLCOMB

JOHN BARLEYCORN has gone out of business,—ostensibly, at least; but "Pop" Burleycue continues at the same old stand. Time was when they were considered running mates, if not partners in iniquity,—with Gambrinus and Nicotinus good, or bad seconds, as the case may be. Possibly that is why Burleycue is so dry since St. Volstead banished the bars from the old temples of Legs, Gags and Ragtime. If so, score another sore point against Prohibition!

Burleycue is the generic name for the wheel shows which start out simultaneously in August, and revolve steadily around their interlocking circuits until the merry Springtime, when the most successful show is rewarded with a Summer run at the Columbia, on Broadway. It is the one standardized, almost stereotyped section of the so-called show business. Even the circus, under syndicate direction, and vaudeville, dominated by Keith-Orpheum control, have only approximated the perfectly rotating burlesque wheel franchise system. Like the classic wheel of Ixion it revolves endlessly, and monotonously, although in the main immensely profitable, which is the Ultima Thule of the modern Show Business Man.

STANDARDIZING THEATRICAL MUCK

TO standardize the trade has been the ideal of every organizer who ever tackled the theatrical business, but most of them became bankrupt trying to guess the vagaries of the public, or capture that elusive thing called Art. Some try to corner all the theatres, others to control all the shows, and still others to ride and drive at the same time, which,—like the old Roman standing bareback riding,—was a good trick, if you did it. With two absolutely correlated and synchronized steeds it could be done; but if the horses differed in their ideas of whither they were heading, it left the rider all spraddled out, so to speak. Many went up in the air and came down hard here.

However, as in the building trades, the only completely regulated section is excavating, so in the organized show business perfect efficiency began at the bottom and theatrical muck was the first to be standardized. The syndicate controls both the machinery and the muckers, and the contractors must have franchises before they can operate in any profitable territory. There is always a demand for muck, and to the credit of the present operators it must be said that their system of excavating is the most sanitary and inoffensive that has been devised. It is almost odorless, not to say innocuous; and considering the quality of the output their method of producing, shipping and delivering the same to customers throughout the country is the acme of economy and efficiency. Best of all the dividends, too, have been standardized,—and as any efficiency expert will assure you—that is the object of all business—and Art.

Burlesque shows nowadays are very different from the far-off time when, an adventurous but not necessarily vicious youth, you used to sneak up into the gallery of the old Variety Theatre to regale yourself on peanuts and pop, and quite possibly you caught a boy's-eye view of "Pop" away down front in the bald-head row. But you never mentioned seeing him there, and it was some years later before he explained that he sat well forward because he was hard of hearing. A man had to be very deaf not to be able to hear the slam-bang, slap-stick shows of those days, when red-nosed comedians beat each other over the heads with bladders and abused each other verbally with all the freedom and refinement of stockyards repartee.

"Sliding Billy Slapstick" was a great favorite with the gallery gods, but no real burlesque lady was ever caught smiling at his acrobatic antics.
(*Illustration by Wynn*)

Then, as now, legs were the bulwarks of burlesque; only nowadays they are mostly nude,—whereas in those days they were always encased in pink fleshings, usually of cotton, although the Queen of Burlesque occasionally sported silk, especially if she happened to be the alleged proprietor of the show. Every company was headed by a Queen B., and was billed: "Birdie Broadsides' Hibernian Blondes"—or something equally attractive. Their songs and jokes were as broad and coarse as the burlesque ladies themselves, and they might be described as prime beef on the hoof. They were too heavy to dance, so confined their stage exercise to marching evolutions,—with or without spears; or posing in a semi-circle while the rough-and-tumble comedians did their stuff. "Sliding Billy Slapstick" was a great favorite with the gallery gods, but no real burlesque lady was ever caught even smiling at his acrobatic antics. Their faces told only too plainly how weary just watching his strenuous exertions made them.

WHEN LEGS WERE LIMBS

NOWADAYS burlesque types tend to the slender, not to say skinny race, rather than truckhorse lines, and they are all expected to dance. Some of them do, with skill and *abandon*. Except in the case of some plump little ponies their bare legs are not beautiful. Indeed, one veteran burlesque manager of my acquaintance considers them absolutely indecent, and longs for a return of the fashion of pink fleshings, when ladies' legs were known as "limbs." "But we have to follow Broadway styles," was his excuse for nudity, to which he added: "Of course, tights is expensive; but if the gals only knew it, the good Lord's greatest gift to the burlesque queen was a pair of silk fleshings that snared many a millionaire."

But while following Broadway musical comedy styles in dress and spectacular settings, the modern burlesque show draws the line at "blue" songs and *risqué* dialogue often heard in the high-class houses. Scribners always bore the name of being the most censorious publishers; but probably no member of that famous firm was ever as strict as Sam Scribner, the Czar of burlesque. When Sam says: "Cut that out"—with specific if profane description of what is to be eliminated, it is done; otherwise the offender is fined, and may lose his franchise. Mr. Scribner is no moralist or reformer, but a business man who has learned from experience that dirty burlesque does not pay dividends in the long run. It drives away the women and children who make the matinees profitable. In the bad old days if you saw a female in a burlesque theatre you knew what she was. Now they try to attract the family trade.

I can conscientiously claim some credit for this clean-up. When I first tried to persuade New York that I was a playwright only a burlesque manager would listen to me. Like myself, he has since reformed, so I may mention his name—Jules Hurtig. He had just gotten Bickel, Watson and Wrothe out of Ringling's

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Photo Schwarz

Act V. Posthumus: "Hang there like fruit, my soul, Till the tree die."

JULIA MARLOWE AND EDWARD H. SOTHERN IN SHAKESPEARE'S "*CYMBELINE*"

After a dangerous little fling with "advanced ideas," Mother Aldcroft, seated, (*Blanche Bates*), and Kay Faber, her daughter (*Ruth Chatterton*), come back to the old-fashioned but safe and sane philosophy of Father Faber (*Henry Miller*).

The Changelings

Comedy in Three Acts by Lee Wilson Dodd

IN the following play Mr. Dodd has, with a witty and amusing satire, punctured holes through a host of modern "isms"—sophisticated excuses for unconventional behavior and moral laxity. It is a real American comedy of manners, truthful, dramatically interesting in its exposition, and of exceptional literary quality. "The Changelings" shows a remarkable advance over the author's former stage contributions, such as, "The Return of Eve," "His Majesty Bunker Bean," and "Speed," and places him unqualifiedly in the front rank of our native playwrights.

THE CAST

(*As produced by the Henry Miller Theatre Company at the Henry Miller Theatre, on September* 17, 1923.)

Dora Faber	Laura Hope Crews
Karen Aldcroft	Blanche Bates
Fenwick Faber	Reginald Mason
Wallace Aldcroft	Henry Miller
Fisher	Elmer Brown
Wicky Faber	Geoffrey Kerr
Kay Faber	Ruth Chatterton
Clyde Halstead	Felix Krembs
Degan	Walter Baldwin

A SATIRE on the Freudian morality. The young wife is on the verge of eloping, in order to assert her "rights" as "a free human being," when, returning to her old home, she surprises her mother in her father-in-law's arms. This débacle almost "pushes" her over the edge, but she realizes, before it is too late, that she still loves her husband.

The four parents are happily reunited, after their temporary upheaval.

Act I. A room in the apartment of Wallace Aldcroft, Park Avenue, New York City. There is no time interval between Acts I and II. In fact, the close of Act I somewhat overlaps the opening of Act II.

The Fabers and Aldcrofts are chatting over their after dinner coffee; Dora and Karen are a "little troubled" by a letter from Kay, when Wicky Faber comes in, and tells them that Kay has left him.

WICKY: (*Trying not to break down*) I hoped Kay—at the last minute might change her mind—come here . . . I didn't dare ask Fisher . . . Oh, I had no hope really at all! I knew she wouldn't disappear like that unless she meant never to come back.—Well, you see, that's how it is . . . But I don't know what to do . . . There's nothing to do . . .

LEE WILSON DODD
Author of *The Changelings*

FENWICK: Perhaps. I doubt it, though. No matter how bad things are, old man, life doesn't stand still . . . We have to take the next step and the next . . . Come, now give us the facts—all of them—so we can help you.

DORA: (*Gently*) You say Kay has left you, Wicky? We've never doubted you were happy together.

WICKY: I never doubted it, mother, till five or six months ago—Just after we'd come down from Maine at the beginning of term.

KAREN: (*Sharply*) What made you doubt it then?

WICKY: Kay didn't seem like herself—for a week or two. She . . .

WALLACE: (*Exploding*) My God, am I to stand here and listen to a long tale of this and that . . . Where's my little girl—now—that's what interests me.

WICKY: I don't know, sir.

WALLACE: You don't know!

WICKY: (*With the first flash he has shown*) Do you suppose I'd be sitting here if I did?

KAREN: (*Suddenly*) Kay's my daughter . . . but you dodge and dodge and force me to ask the one question that matters! Do you know the man she's bolted with, or don't you?

WICKY: (*Shakes his head miserably*) I'm not sure.

MENGELBERG—THE MAGNIFICENT
(Philharmonic)

BODANSKY—THE BELLIGERENT
(Metropolitan Opera House)

MONTEUX—THE PATIENT
(Boston Symphony)

STOKOWSKI—THE SUAVE
(Philadelphia Orchestra)

AUTOCRATS OF THE ORCHESTRA

Famous Wielders of the Baton Before Whom Even A Temperamental Prima Donna Trembles

KAREN: (*Sharply*) Oh! do you even know there is a man?

WICKY: Yes, Mother-Kay—I do know that.

DORA: (*Before she can check herself*) He knows Kay, you see!

FENWICK: That was below the belt, Dora. (*Turns to Karen*) But you can understand . . . She was thinking only of Wicky. Dora has a one-track mind at times . . . It wasn't as if . . .

KAREN: Yes, I know—it just slipped out, the truth does occasionally—and it's very illuminating! (*To Dora*) Little things you've said—little puzzling things that I've passed over as of no consequence—Ah!, it all comes quite clear now. You've never really liked Kay or trusted her.

WALLACE: Oh—Karen! You're going too far. Dora's loved Kay like her own child.

DORA: Yes, I do love her. But a brilliant, nervous, temperamental being like that! I've always felt, Karen, you overstimulated all that dangerous side of Kay's nature and—

FENWICK: Good heavens, Dora—can't we keep away from these irritating personalities! You—

WALLACE: Yes, yes, if we four old friends can't handle this situation without . . . Besides, I don't and won't believe my little girl would do such a thing! There's some ridiculous mistake. We all know how prone Wicky is to make ridiculous mistakes. What's happened, anyway? You seem incapable of telling us—but I insist! I'm Kay's father, and—

FENWICK: My dear old friend, we all know you are Kay's father! But haven't you forgotten who Wicky is?

WICKY: I think you've all forgotten that Kay and I are not children.

WICKY goes on to explain, that although Kay has always had admirers, he has never taken them seriously until this last summer, when he noticed that Kay "No longer cared" for him "in the old way." However, just lately Kay had seemed "much more like her old self," so that the shock of her disappearance was all the greater.

WALLACE: Karen! Why, good God, the child may have—

WICKY: (*Swiftly interrupting*) No sir—she hasn't done *that!*

KAREN: No, Kay wouldn't be cowardly; she'd be brave. She's found it was a mistake—her marrying Wicky—and she's gone straight to the man she really loves!

DORA: (*With an odd little laugh*) Straight? Gone *straight?* Well, I'd hardly put it that way, Karen, if I were you.

A heated discussion follows, until at last Dora asks Wicky to take his "unintelligent mother home," leaving Fen to "talk things over with Karen."

Karen and Wallace have a difference of opinion over Kay's letters, which Wallace insists on seeing, in order to find out the names of the two men Wicky had spoken of.

KAREN: Where are you going, Wally?

WALLACE: For the letters, of course.

KAREN: Oh, no—No. They happen to be *my* letters—shut up in *my* desk. If you'd asked me for them, I might or mightn't have refused. Now I'd rather die than give you permission—

WALLACE: (*Curtly*) I haven't asked your permission. As your husband and Kay's father I consider I have that right.

KAREN: Wally! If you open my desk and take Kay's letters from it—

WALLACE: Yes? I advise you to weigh your words carefully, for that's precisely what I'm going to do.

KAREN: Then—I bow to the inevitable.

WALLACE: (*Misunderstanding her*) Ah—! I thought you'd come to your senses. You too, Fen. After all—there can't be two heads to a family—

KAREN: No; no, Wally, there can't be . . . (*Wallace nods and passes on into the bedroom*) There can't even be *one.* (*She moves swiftly to Fenwick. Their eyes meet, hold each other. She slips into Fenwick's arms*) Ah!

FENWICK: (*Terrified, in a broken whisper*) Karen . . . not here . . not like this . . . . we've lost our senses . .

KAREN: (*Clinging to him*) No, no, I want

In the midst of her trouble, Kay (*Ruth Chatterton*), finds her father, Daddy Aldcroft (*Henry Miller*), a substantial and "non-Freudianized" human being.

him to find me in your arms. I want him to.

FENWICK: Sh! Sh! (*She presses her cheek to his. As she does so, Kay Faber rushes breathlessly in, then stops dead in her tracks, staring at Fenwick and her mother.*)

KAY: (*Catches her breath*) Daddy Faber—what is it? I don't understand. (*Kay hides her face in her hands*) Oh—I don't want to understand, I don't want to—(*She turns and runs out. The outer door is heard to slam.*)

KAREN: Fen, stop her! Do you realize—

FENWICK: Yes—yes. Good Lord, Karen! Suppose she should go straight to Dora?

KAREN: Kay isn't a sneak. But—well—suppose she should? We are not trying to conceal anything, are we?

FENWICK: No, no. But all the same, we mustn't act foolishly. I've got to think—think for you now.

KAREN: Think for me? I don't need you to think for me. Oh—must I run after her myself?

FENWICK: No—no. You're right. (*He dashes off.*)

KAREN: Think for me! Oh!

As the hall door slams, Wallace comes in and asks "where Fen is off to in such a hurry." Karen pretends that he has gone to telephone Dora. At that moment Fenwick returns.

WALLACE: Well! Did you overtake her?

FENWICK: (*Glances at Karen, thinks she has told Wally and is confused*) Kay? No.

WALLACE: Kay? Has Kay been here?

KAREN explains that Kay had appeared suddenly in the doorway—like a ghost," and vanished almost immediately.

WALLACE: Fen, I must find Kay somehow tonight. You've got to help me—you too, Karen. (*Slapping the letters which he carries*) And this much is certain—it's either Bob Grayling or Halstead, and, personally, I think it's Halstead.

FENWICK: You don't mean Clyde Halstead?

WALLACE: Yes. Nice thing his asking me to publish his rotten novels! He'll be lucky now if I don't shoot him before we're through with this.

Wallace goes to Halstead's rooms and Fenwick to Grayling. While they are away Halstead turns up, and asks for Karen. Fisher shows him in; Halstead, introducing himself to Karen, explains that he has come to look for Kay, that her baggage is at his rooms and the steamer tickets are bought. He asks Karen if she considers it "straight" of Kay to "funk it at the last moment," when she had decided to leave Wicky and "go to a man able to appreciate her." Halstead is furious when Karen tells him that her husband has probably forced his way into his rooms, and the situation is distinctly strained when Wicky enters—

KAREN: (*Taken aback*) Oh—*Wicky!*

HALSTEAD: How are you, Mr. Faber? Glad to see you again—

WICKY: Are you? Why?

HALSTEAD: Well—after last summer? Why not?

WICKY: What's he doing here? Mother-Kay?

KAREN: Mr. Halstead came to see Mr. Aldcroft on a matter of business.

WICKY: Whatever's true—that isn't.

KAREN: Wicky!

WICKY: All the same, I can't make out his being here. What does it mean, Mother-Kay?

HALSTEAD: (*Sharply*) I'll tell you in three words, Mr. Faber. Your wife grew tired of you—thought she could use *me* as a convenient way-station—found she couldn't—and is probably at this moment on her way back to New Haven again. I advise you to join her—and comfort her. Good night to you both. (*Exit*)

KAREN: Wicky! Don't let him—! What's the matter with you? Are you going to let that—that human snake—wriggle off! Haven't you the manhood even—to *want* to chastise him!

WICKY: No, I don't want to chastise him. Why should I want to chastise him?

KAREN: Oh! What a coward you are! No wonder Kay left you. Women hate cowards.

WICKY: What they really hate, Mother-Kay, is civilization. But don't try to understand that remark. It's too deep for you.

KAREN: I never realized before what a contemptible weakling you are.

WICKY: I wouldn't say things like that if I were you, Mother-Kay. You'll regret them later.

KAREN: Oh—I don't understand you at all!

(*Continued on page* 52)

Schwarz

VINCENT LAWRENCE

Author of *In Love With Love*, is a Boston newspaper man, who first came into prominence as the author of *Two Fellows and a Girl*.

EDWARD LASKA

Author of *We've Got to Have Money*, is a New Yorker, who by profession is a composer and lyric writer. This is the first play he has had produced.

Tornello

GILBERT EMERY

(*Below*) Author of *Tarnish* and *The Hero*. His real name is Emery Pottle. Besides being a playwright he is a poet and an actor.

(*Left*) Lula Vollmer (*center*) reading *The Shame Woman*. The players, left to right: Thelma Paige, Gustav Blum, Florence Gerald, Florence Rittenhouse, Minnie Dupree, Claude Cooper, Jessie Graham and John T. Ward.

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Victor Georg

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(*Right*) In midst of rehearsal of Zelda Sears' new play, *Left Overs*, all the principals and director Max Hirshfield are waiting impatiently while Miss Sears and Vincent Youmans write a lyric to order for the star, Ada May Weeks, who peers over Mr. Youmans' shoulder.

(*Below*) *Left to right.* Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Felix Krembs, Laura Hope Crews, Blanche Bates, Geoffrey Kerr and Reginald Mason, assembled for the first rehearsal of the Lee Wilson Dodd's play *The Changelings*.

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White

B. K. BURNS

Author of *The Woman on the Jury*, the first play he has had produced, is a successful advertising man in Milwaukee, his native city.

MEET THE AUTHORS OF RECENT BROADWAY HITS

Successful Producers Going Over the Manuscripts With Their Casts

C · I · N · E · M · A

National Villains and "The Bad Man"—"Scaramouche" an Artistic Triumph

By ALISON SMITH

NOT so long ago, the screen world was suddenly flooded with sweetness and light. It took the form of brotherly love toward foreign nations, of hands across the sea, of devotion to all the world. And it culminated in a very gentlemanly agreement in which the film directors of this country were urged to represent the peoples of all other countries "in their most favorable and desirable aspects."

All this was most edifying and did great credit to the good intentions of that dauntless, if harrassed, executive, Will H. Hays. It was celebrated by conferences of all the nations who happened to have representatives on the moving picture lots; a pleasantly cosmopolitan group including Italians, Greeks, Portuguese and Mexicans—especially Mexicans. Everything was joyous and loving until the agreement suddenly bumped up against the problem of villains.

Now, obviously, a villain has to have some nationality unless you are filming a tale by H. G. Wells about the inhabitants of Mars. And it is impossible to represent a nation "in its most favorable aspects" while its representative on the screen is twisting his moustache and sneering "Little one, why do you fear me?" The foreigners recognized this fact; they were willing to permit any nation to play the part of the villain—except their own.

ALL AMERICAN VILLAINS

LOGICALLY there was only one solution—to make all villains Americans. But even here, there might be complications in the matter of State rights. We can imagine Alabama protesting that the Southern gentleman in any given plot was no better than he should be, and New Jersey objecting because a bootlegger from that section was left to do all the dirty work at the crossroads. The only quarter that could be drawn on with impunity is New York City, which has grown so accustomed, poor thing, to seeing her sons held up as an awful warning, that one villain more or less would never shake Manhattan.

To this day, we don't know how serious the discussion was. Of course the newspapers made the most of it and it was all very exciting and amusing until there were rumors that the action was about to settle on one particular film. This was *The Bad Man,* by Porter Emerson Browne, whose chief character, as you know, is a Mexican. The report went about that, because of an agreement with Mexico, the play in its film version was to be completely changed. The bad man was to be an American in disguise who, at the end of the last reel, tears off his false moustache and reveals himself as a secret service man or a boy scout or something not so bad after all.

Naturally there were howls of protest from friends of the play, film reviewers and everyone who had heard the rumor except the laconic and unperturbed author. And now, after the film has been released, it is a pleasure to calm the fears in these agitated breasts and to announce that *The Bad Man* emerges on the screen with all his glorious sins intact.

Most of this is due to the skill of Porter Emerson Browne, who has woven a play which could not fail to escape the dangers of film translation if given half a chance. Most of its subtleties are lost, however;

LEATRICE JOY

In *The Closed Door,* engaged in thinking long, long thoughts against an enigmatic background.

we missed particularly those priceless speeches on America from the standpoint of a Mexican bandit which are among the keenest bits of ironic writing in any modern play. But the action remains as swift, dashing, colorful melodrama of the type that always delights a film audience. Holbrook Blinn as the bad man manages to catch again the swaggering audacity which made his stage character so irresistable. The rest of the cast, however, was not up to the stage standard.

Nevertheless, the film was *The Bad Man* and not *The Adventures of Little Rollo in Mexico* as we once feared it would be.

SCARAMOUCHE

THE French Revolution has been the happy-hunting-ground of the film director almost since films began. For years, we have been deluged with representations of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette swimming before our eyes in a whirlpool of mobs and blood and guillotines. Some of them have been thrilling, some mildly interesting and some very, very bad. But, as far as our experience goes, no one has recaptured the spirit of this frenzied page in history with half the imaginative force of Rex Ingram in Sabatini's *Scaramouche.*

He has done this with almost no assistance from his cast, for neither Alice Terry nor Ramon Navarro have any unusual quality in their acting. Lewis Stone, as the suave old Marquis, was the only principal of any distinction. But Ingram deals with things instead of with people, or rather he invests his actors with the magical spirit of the things about them.

Old lanes in Provence, minuets in beflowered palaces, red caps and oratory in the council hall and the surging, shrieking fury of the end. Ingram has caught the technique of Max Reinhardt in his mob studies, he has also Reinhardt's trick of cutting short a scene at the peak of its crescendo. *Scaramouche* is as impersonal as music; it is less the romance of Sabatini's two lovers as the tragedy of a country driven to delirium. Naturally the human romance is there, for Mr. Ingram knows his box-office. But the charms of the lovely (if apathetic) Alice Terry and the decorative Mr. Navarro are feeble before the beauty of these human forces swept to their destiny before the frenzied strains of *The Marseillaise.*

A WOMAN OF PARIS

CHARLIE CHAPLIN dropped his absurd little cane, grabbed a megaphone and directed this picture in which he played no part. The result is a screen play so nearly perfect that it has startled a film world unaccustomed, alas, even to occasional perfections.

He accomplishes this wholly through simplicity—a quality common to all great artists from Goldberg to Rodin. Chaplin knows people—he knows why they are funny and most particularly why they are sad. His picture is filled with human beings who walk about naturally and meet their joys and sorrows with absolute unconsciousness of a possible audience. The entire picture is like a real scene viewed from a window ledge.

This, in spite of the fact that the story is the conventional one of the girl who leaves home. We shudder to think of the melodramatic gasps that another director might have dragged from its plot. As it stands, you accept it simply and sincerely and so does Edna Purviance, as the girl, and so do the other actors in this singularly responsive cast.

"Chaplin is a great artist in the deepest sense of the word," says the London

"THE CREAM OF THE JEST"

Mary Hand Chance Johnston in an Early Italian Interlude from the Film Version "The Eternal City"

Adelphi. "He is not a great actor; he belongs to another and a higher order. The making of a Chaplin film is obviously different from any other."

Now we know that a Chaplin film can keep its characteristic flavor even without Chaplin in the cast. For all that, we trust that Chaplin the actor is not to be sacrificed to Chaplin the director. No film, however brilliantly directed, is worth that.

DULCY

DULCY, as written by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, was more than an amusing comedy. It was a brilliant and merciless character study of the social bromide, shrewd, devastating and subtle. In fact, it was so subtle that much of it went over the heads of all the Dulcies (male and female) in the audience.

Perhaps the directors of the film version feared that in a screen audience the Dulcies might have the balance of power; in any case, the caustic little play has been reduced to rather clumsy burlesque aided and abetted by Constance Talmadge. In this form of innocuous and kittenish slapstick, it could hurt no one's feelings, except perhaps, the two authors'. We suggest, by way of reparations to these greatly wronged young men, a screen version of *To the Ladies* done by an intelligent director.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

PERHAPS you remember "Buck" in Jack London's stirring biography of a dog. He was a wolf-hound, if our memory is not at fault, who, when removed from domesticity to the wild life of the Far North, responds to all the violent impulses of his savage ancestry.

For some mysterious reason, the producers of this film version selected as their star a dear old family pet who might be a St. Bernard or a Newfoundland with a touch of a Pug in him somewhere. He lumbers through the vigorous action with an air of bored and bewildered resentment. When called upon to attack the villain, he objects ponderously—it must have taken all the efforts of three directors to prod him to this effort, and then he attacks with his tail wagging. The Actors' Equity should take up the defense of this kind old actor forced into such a savage rôle, when obviously his most violent outbreak hitherto has been the chewing of an old slipper before a comfortable fire.

THREE AGES

BUSTER KEATON is almost always amusing; in this latest and longest comedy, he has moments of hilarious burlesque. But the film is too long and too laborious to stand the strain of his light and amiable foolery. It is based on three incarnations; the caveman, the Roman gladiator and the Manhattan man about town. Mr. Keaton plays them all with that air of conscientious melancholy which is sometimes vastly entertaining and sometimes merely tiresome.

Our chief joy in this picture was the animals. There is a coy and Victorian dinosaur whose life history would be worth recording. And there is a wonderful lion not unlike that glorious and incomparable lion of Bernard Shaw who was so kind to Androcles. We were not able to ascertain who played this noble beast in the film. Anyway, there was too little of him. He is worth an entire picture all to himself.

A moment of suspense in *Scaramouche*, the most colorful film of the French Revolution ever caught by the camera.

THE SPANISH DANCER

DON CAESAR DE BAZAN is apparently made of imperishable material. Its plot served for a play by Gerald Du Maurier in London, for an operetta called *Maritana,* for Mary Pickford's film called *Rosita,* and for Pola Negri's latest venture, *The Spanish Dancer.*

In this last version, the operetta element survives. The director keeps his characters rushing in and out of the spotlight in perfect chorus time. The costumes are beautiful and elaborate after the manner of Velasquez and to make this perfectly obvious, Velasquez himself is introduced as an incidental figure in the plot.

These are the most delightful scenes of the picture; the painting of the infanta and the young prince on his fat pony have been made into a little plot by themselves and the result is naïve and charming. But we can't say much for the rest of the action or for Pola Negri herself who has lost all the natural abandon of her Carmen and who plays this other Spanish beauty with artificial and saccharine reserve.

ALL the stage sirens have had their turn at *Zaza,* and it was inevitable that the rôle must somehow reach Gloria Swanson on the screen. When it was first announced, we felt sure that the more sensitive of the censors would fall lifeless at the very sight of the title on a picture play. But we reckoned without Aunt Prudence Heckleberry, who has picked Zaza up, brushed her off and turned her into a sedate and decorous young opera singer in the last reel. or so. Like Mr. Belasco's *Kiki,* she can say with absolute conviction, "I am a good girl."

This, however, did not prevent Gloria Swanson from giving a most tempestuous performance in the first few reels. She plays them in a characteristically eccentric make-up, all dotted over with Z's. There is a huge diamond Z on her bag, no end of Z beauty-marks on her face and two large Z's for earrings; in fact, you are soon led to suspect that Miss Swanson is playing a rôle which begins with that mysterious and unmistakably wicked initial.

Our chief reaction from the film was wonder that one so frightfully tough in the first reel could become so supernaturally saintly in the last.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET

WE arrived at the theatre in the middle of this film and were immediately struck dumb by the extraordinary antics of Charles deRoche. Later we learned that he was playing a faun in a much garbled film version of Faversham's old play. According to Mr. deRoche, you play a faun by wagging your hands under your chin after the manner of Barney Bernard and by leaping without warning on the furniture of a stately English manor.

In justice to Mr. deRoche, we must add that the rôle is about the most idiotic conception that ever developed in the mind of a playwright. It has been many years since it was first produced and we wonder if Mr. Knoblock does not agree with us now. The spectacle of a primitive faun begging a group of fishy stage Britishers to "be yourself" seems to belong in the realm of pure farce instead of fantasy. However, we missed the original production though we have heard it characterized by veteran first-nighters as superb. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of the play, however, would admit, I think, that the film version is something less than that.

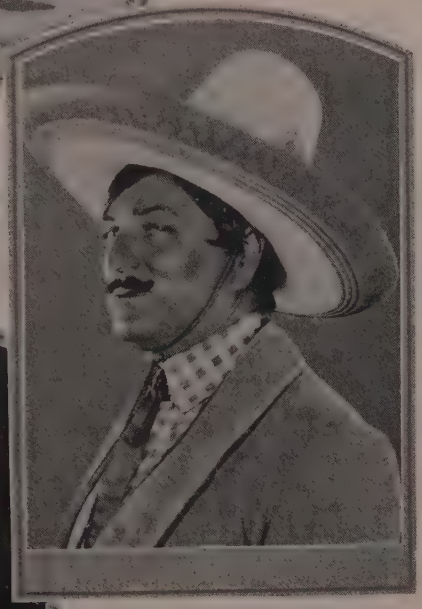
MONNA VANNA

THIS is a German film, a somewhat ponderous representation of the nebulous play by Maeterlinck. It was received none too cordially by the New York papers.

MCTEAGUE
A savage scene from that ruthless and powerful tale by the late Frank Norris.

RAMON NAVARRO
As the dashing, intrepid and irresistible hero of Sabatini's *Scaramouche*.

FLAMING YOUTH
The unruly flapper who is held up as an awful warning by novelists and playwrights alike.



THE BAD MAN
Holbrook Blinn repeats his triumph in this famous Mexican melodrama.

THE ETERNAL THREE
Clare Winsor as an old man's darling in Marshall Neilan's picture of *The Eternal Triangle*.

SLAVE OF DESIRE
Love among the artists in this study of Bohemian life in the old France of Balzac.

THE PASSING FILM SHOW

Old Screen Favorites and Some New Pictures

V·A·U·D·E·V·I·L·L·E

A Review of the New Turns and Novelties in the Two-A-Day

Conducted By BLAND JOHANESON

WITHOUT wishing to poach on the critical gunning preserves of the charming Mrs. Smith, Bert Lytell always has seemed to me one of the most unconvincing and ineffectual representatives of that consistently unconvincing and ineffectual race, the movie actor. Given to lurid make-up and lurid performances he moved through the flickering records of crime with all the artistic finish of a British Penny Weekly serial. And once again the trouble, it appears, was with the movies, not the man.

Hoke comedians, the rightful ruling nobles of the music hall aside, Bert Lytell's is the best act I have seen in vaudeville, and the actor is perfect in it. A Lambs' Gambol sketch, *The Valiant,* by Robert Middlemas and Halworthy Hall, is his vehicle. It reveals the last half-hour of a condemned murderer's life. The legitimate this season has offered little as well-written, mounted, cast and conceived as this short drama in the theatre it scorns.

One actor who keeps his perspective of taste and finish in descending to the vulgar vaudeville, Mr. Lytell adds to the pleasure of this revelation that of another, that he can make a dignified and graceful curtain acknowledgment to his authors.

The Valiant describes the fight of a condemned boy with society and with himself to spare his mother and sister the knowledge of his crime, and how a thought can be a strong man's religion when he faces death. Dangerously melting material, mother, honor, and lofty heights of glory, this time treated with dignity and with respect.

NOW let us see how Mr. Edgar Allan Woolf, the Lord High Lion of the *Vaude Literati,* continues *his* celebration of the filial affection theme. Life's most terrible twenty minutes, Miss Vera Gordon, the super mamma with size eight feet and all the tremolo stops pulled out, in "America," a "three cheers for the red, ...te and blue" *opus* in which George Washington, a gentleman, is libellously characterized as a democratic Ellis Island, welcome-to-our-city one-man Police Band are the fruit of Mr. Woolf's interesting mentality. And many more vaudeville mothers and sons, boys and sweethearts have been united by his angelic offices.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent and a thing billed as a "surprise," (which would you believe it, children?) turns out to be the lad's dear old Mother Machree, are the latest of these. *Shamrock* is the name of the new Rooney-Bent production which must run more than an hour. Edgar Allan Woolf wrote the book. Everything else is good. The dancing is wonderful. Pat himself dances as he never has danced before. If that is not worth going miles to see, the dance is a dead language.

FLORENCE WALTON returns to vaudeville with her husband, Leon Leitrim, to offer her annual proof, each year more convincing, that ballroom dancing is *passée* entertainment material. Callot Soeurs, Miss Walton's couturières, walk off with the act. The lady wears very dizzy slippers, which against a floor-cloth much too dark for a dancing act, are as attention-fixing as stains on a necktie. Walton, Leitrim *et* Callot Soeurs are interrupted now and then by the activities of a violinist and a pianist. If these fellows only stood on their heads to play the mind might be wooed from the consciousness of Miss Walton's making changes. Some inventive genius should create a device for strong entertainment while a première danseuse dresses, then spend the rest of his life avoiding violinists.

ALBA TIBERIO the encyclopaedic artist, the most versatile girl in the world, one of the forerunners of the European importations is almost impossible entertainment. Her personality is hysterical, her nerve colossal, her sincerity questionable and her music harrowing. Sour notes are nothing in her life. What if tricks don't co-ordinate! What if dances are unbeautiful bunk! Mlle. Tiberio's versatility consists of doing everything a little more stupidly than anybody else.

THE Palace Theatre has had an old-home week recently with both Julia Sanderson and Donald Brian on the bill. Donald Brian is more charming, finished, entertaining as a vaudeville comedian than in any love-lorn tenor rôle I ever saw him assume or my grandmamma ever described. He had two piano-playing damsels with him, both sweet and musical. Miss Sanderson was very sweet, too. Men seem to admire her work enormously. Her strides and elevated shoulders are supposed to be sensationally graceful, I believe, but they *will* remind me of a seminary hockey champ maneuvering for a goal. Her numbers were good enough vaudeville, some superior, written by her accompanist, Herman Hupfield. One song, *Japanese Jazz,* was at this time in unspeakably bad taste, and I hope some dawn of sensibility has inspired its removal from her program.

ANY gesture toward the classic is received by the simple-minded little boys and girls with wild applause and hysterical acclaim. Maryon Vadie and Company come in for their share of this "blah" enthusiasm with a new dancing act called *The Poetry of Motion,* in which the old boy Poetry of Motion, himself, is sung by Fletcher Norton from some depth in his head far beyond the soft palate. The gentleman very classically bids the maidens to Arcadia. There a troupe of Amazonian gals are playing with hoops in their bare feet. Suddenly a bubble is wafted in, followed by Maryon Vadie, "the American Pavlowa." Mlle. Vadie flirts with the bubble awhile, but she can't make it, so she becomes involved with a scarf, while the girls lean on each other with bowed heads. If the Vadie didn't cheat considerably on her toe-work the lamentable size of her legs would be excusable. With such form this baby could win in a walk, with Steinway, Knabe, Chickering, Mason-Hamlin and every potential piano company of the future in the running.

In *The Tale of a Persian Rug* the troupe attempts to be charming and romantic. In *Italian Festa* it strives to be merry and gay. The whole show is pretentious and reeks of earnest effort. I appreciate lofty art as much as anyone, but vaudeville cartoons of it give me either a laugh or a pain. *The Poetry of Motion* is just another good faun gone wrong, another gazelle shot at and missed.

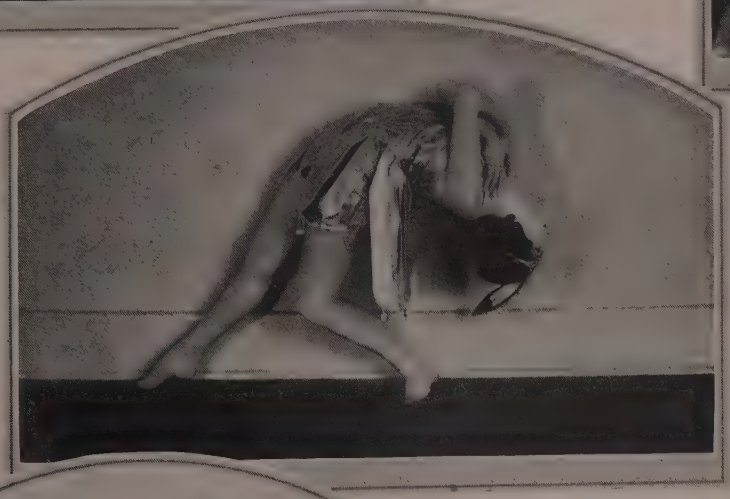
EDDIE LEONARD, "our Minstrel" has abandoned his olden soft-soap about "poor ole Eddie," and in his new act resumes his position as an entertainer instead of a memorial exhibition. He has some clever boys supporting him in this, the best piece with which he has been identified in a long time. His satins are as magnificent as ever, his feet as eloquent, his voice as plaintive. The soft-soap is very tempting. No wonder Eddie cannot resist it.

SHURA RULOWA

A team of skillful dancers from this Ballet Russe which caters to vaudeville's taste for Russian acrobatics.

CRAFTS AND HALEY

A song and chatter team, one of the most popular and entertaining of the inevitable two-man acts.



La Pine

MYRA

A danseuse who performs in the new *Andrée Sherri Review*, a pretentious song and dance offering.

MOSS AND FRYE

The dim gentlemen who ask, "How high is up?" and devote the verbose quarter hour which they contribute to the fun of the music halls to this and similar profound problems.

Cihak

"THE POETRY OF MOTION"

One of the nimble coryphees who contribute their technique and beauty to this new dance offering.

SONG, DANCE AND COMEDY

Popular Exponents of Three Classic Components of Variety

M · U · S · I · C

De Pachmann Pleasantries. Popular Grand Opera and Recital Head-liners of Early Season

By KATHARINE LANE SPAETH

"YOU see, I play this passage very softly pianissimo, and not boom! boom! as some pianists do. That would not be fair to Chopin," Vladimir De Pachmann told his first Carnegie Hall audience. And those who came to be enchanted by the still nimble fingers of the keyboard veteran remained to gasp and giggle. He delivered Beethoven with buffooneries and Chopin with chatter until it was hard to know whether you listened to one of the master pianists, grown gray in the service of art, or to a one-man vaudeville act.

Certainly the heavy De Pachmann eyebrows must have been quite as tired as his hands. He used them constantly to punctuate his explanatory talk. Lifting his arms high above the piano during the second movement of the *Sonata Pathétique,* he turned impressively toward the audience, "Now listen! I shall play this melody beautifully!" Well, and so he did. For despite his childish and often ridiculous prattle, De Pachmann still has magic in his fingers and wrists. He got no sturdy climaxes, but he spun out a silken thread of tone into lacy cobwebs of sheer beauty.

Once, when the applause grew tumultuous, demanding another Chopin encore, he gesticulated violently. "The heart and the brain are still there, but the wrists get weary," he said, pointing to the three members as he spoke. There was wisdom as well as wit in his response to the noisy hand-clapping that followed the Beethoven *Sonata.* "That sonata was enough," he decided. "An encore would be too much."

It is safe to predict that people who never cared much for piano recitals will go to hear De Pachmann this winter. The patter alone is worth the admission, and just when one wearies of the "I played that beautifully," the little old man tosses off a passage from a Chopin Nocturne with such finish and grace and understanding that you forget the sound of his voice.

A DEBUT IN *AIDA*

OF course, the musical season really opened with the screaming brass and tinkling cymbal of *Aida,* sung by the San Carloans at the Century Theatre. There was a young American soprano for the title rôle, Anna Roselle, who artfully concealed her nervous moments and made a début that could comfort any prima donna. Though most of us have heard *Ritorna Vincitor* sung in every shade of dramatic coloring, there is still a chance for novel tinting when a fresh, flexible voice attacks the famous aria. Besides, Miss Roselle looked as Aida should, lithe and youthfully impatient—as well as troubled.

Another Anna sang during the opening week—the brilliant Miss Fitziu, who surprised even her admirers in *Tosca.* No one has ever disputed the rich, vibrant quality of her fine voice, but she has not always been a convincing actress. You were likely to see the starry-eyed Anna Fitziu rather than Nedda or Mimi or Manon. But she completely submerged her own glowing personality and became Floria Tosca, impetuous, jealous, purposeful. I have never heard better singing in the last act, nor watched a more poignant bit of pantomime than the one in which she half laughingly whispers to Mario that he must go on pretending to be dead.

It seems rather a pity that the San Carlo stage director should pay so little attention to artistic detail. In the first act of *Faust* there was a Japanese screen, jauntily set in a period when Japan was still closed to the Western world; her dainty parasols, fans and screens began to demoralize English drawing-rooms during the mid-Victorian era. And, of course, watching Faust go behind a bit of canvas to change from old age to vigorous youth spoiled the illusion ever so slightly.

HAROLD BAUER

Who proves that a master pianist can also qualify as executive. He is president of the new Beethoven Association Club.

Headliners started the recital season earlier than usual, with John McCormack giving a concert in the Century Theatre on the last Sunday of September, fully two weeks before the summer vapors were formerly dispersed from Carnegie and Aeolian Halls. The popular tenor will not use the Hippodrome this year, and he is wise, for the beauty of the McCormack phrasing, and the delicacy of his tone coloring have greater scope in a more intimate theatre. There never was a singer (in my memory, of course) who could surpass McCormack in Irish folk ballads nor even approach the fascinating lilt of his *"When I was goin' to Ballynure, oh, well do I remember."* But then, he sings Beethoven's favorite song, *Adelaide* with such exquisite artistry that the imaginative ones can easily see Ludwig's spirit near the piano, nodding gratified approval.

Chaliapin made his suavely smiling entrance upon the Manhattan Opera House stage a week later. He probably had to push his way through the crowds in order to get there, for the news that Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin is in town flashes about so swiftly that the little birds needn't do any tale-bearing.

He was himself, looking more majestic than ever, ready to strike fire or sob, to give happy childish laughter, or the sardonic chuckle of Moussorgsky's *Song of the Flea.* Chaliapin has never used programs here, but he supplies his audience with song-books from which he announces the selection he will sing. "Nombear Twennty Threee," he shouts. There is a rustle of leaves. "Ah, the *Don Carlos* aria!" you whisper. But you do not really care about names, when Chaliapin sings.

ZIMBALIST BACK AGAIN

SOMEHOW, it is like hearing all life pouring through the big Russian's throat. Often he walks about the stage, his graceful arms making wide, swooping gestures. A woman told me, "But he is so dramatic that he makes me uncomfortable." Yes, and any vivid interpretation of emotion does that to some people.

But you are not uncomfortable when Chaliapin sits at the piano and announces that he will sing a "comeek songh," nor when he generously adds the *Volga Boat Song* for those who like what they know best. "The man has some secret communion with nature, and something emanates from him, a sort of tonic force like wind and sun, and the sound of waters," Deems Taylor wrote after the first concert of this season. He distinctly said it.

On that same early autumn day Efrem Zimbalist returned to the stage of Carnegie, after an absence of two years. His is the sound, reliable musicianly type of violin playing, and he uses no tricks to appeal to the easily aroused. But even if the Zimbalist bow seldom moves you to a sigh, nor steals from you a tear, it is enormously satisfying. A mellow tone, lovely phrasing and flawless intonation are, in the end, more comforting than floods of honeyed melody—just as roast beef won't cloy as quickly as a diet of marshmallow paste.

When this story appears, the bronze curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House will have been drawn apart on November 5th to show Athaneal dreaming of Thais, with the fairy princess of opera, Maria Jeritza, as the heroine. She makes Thais a thoroughly lovable person, capable of enjoying herself even on her way to a permanent cloister: it is hard to believe that the Alexandrian courtesan is an erring woman, as

(*Continued on page* 50)

© Kessler

MYRA HESS

Serene of brow, but with electrical fingers, this English pianist returns to gather a few more American laurels.

GOTA LJUNBERG

(*Below*) Brilliant cantatrice from the Swedish Royal Opera, whose début at the Metropolitan is eagerly awaited.

© Mishkin

SYLVIA LENT

Who looks like the wide-eyed child of seventeen that she actually is, but who plays like a mature violinist.

Kubey-Rembrandt

GEORGES ENESCO

He has the three-in-one talent, being famous as a Roumanian composer, violinist, and an orchestral conductor.

© Mary Dale Clarke

CHALIAPIN

When the Russian basso is not bewildering his admirers at the Metropolitan, he will be enchanting them from the concert stage.

EMMA CALVE

Of the ageless art, who comes to us with fresh fascinations of voice and manner every season.

THE MUSICAL PAST MEETS THE MUSICAL PRESENT

Planets of Long Established Effulgence Mingle Their Rays with the Youthful Star-light of a New Season

CONFIDENCES

Decorative Camera Study by Rabinovitch, Posed by Jean Howard, of the "Ziegfeld Follies."

Heard on Broadway

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by L'Homme Qui Sait

A TRADE journal of the show business has given the New York dramatic critics something to think about by announcing its intention of keeping a record of their judgments on the new plays in respect to their accuracy as indicated by subsequent popular verdict. A critic whose "batting average" proves to be low cannot expect to have his decisions taken quite seriously along Broadway. Incidentally, though certain of the critical brigade seem indifferent as to whether their judgment coincides with that of the public for which they write, certain of the newspaper proprietors are eager to have men on their dramatic staff who write in sympathy with the bulk of their circulation's taste and interests.

A COSTLY FORTNIGHT

LAY-OFFS between playing are often voluntary on the part of players in order that they may retain their part in some production that has been on the road and that is "resting" before it tackles New York. This is especially true when the play looks good for a long run on Broadway. But the cast of *Peter Weston* was sadly fooled. They waited through sixteen long summer weeks of idleness following the successful run of that piece in Chicago and then had a measly two weeks for their pains when the show "flopped" badly on Times Square.

The name of F. RAY COMSTOCK as one of the presenters of DUSE in this country is interesting and just a bit amusing. Due to the sentiment of early affiliation with Comstock, MORRIS GEST invariably couples his old partner's name to each of his new artistic ventures with almost religious consistency. Actually it is said that Mr. Comstock never witnessed a single performance of the Moscow Art players and never spent, at most, more than a half hour at the *Chauve-Souris,* both of which the program solemnly declared him to be presenting. His friends say that his interest is rather in American acts and entertainments and his actual co-operation with Gest is in the presentation of such purely local entertainments as GUY BOLTON'S delightful *Polly Preferred.*

PERCY HAMMOND panned one of the well known managers recently in the *Tribune* for failing to start a play on the opening night at the appointed hour. When the next production of the manager came along he had sufficient courage to start his play going on the instant of the time set—without more than fifty people in their chairs as the curtain rose. By nine o'clock the house was packed to the doors, but will come again into its own as something to be taken as fact. It is only by such audacious bravery that the appointed hour will come again into its own as something to be taken as fact. Just now it's a matter of starting whenever the slow-moving New York traffic gives a theatre a quorum.

"THE BLACK AL WOODS"

JOHN, the strapping darky who calls himself the "black Al Woods," is known well to every regular New York theatregoer. For thirty years he has served at the Empire in some capacity and during all that time he has become famous for his laugh and amazing good humor. WILL GUARD, of the Metropolitan Opera House, told me the other day that he and John are the oldest theatrical denizens still doing business at the same stand! John was picked out of the street by Charles Frohman when the latter needed a little colored boy to open carriages and was made to work much against his will. The remarkable darky is reported to be wealthy as the result of his many theatrical connections and money that has been left him by many Broadway friends including C. F. himself.

They continue to misunderstand MOLNAR on Broadway. They read some sort of allegory into his "carpenter" in *Liliom* when actually the character in the original script was a plumber! And now they are calling *The Swan* a "satire on royalty" which, of course, it isn't in any sense. In Molnar's own words, it is satire on meddling mothers, be they royal or otherwise.

CANTOR BUYS HIS SEAT

FLO ZIEGFELD "held up" the first night audience of his new *Follies* for $22 a seat. The theory, of course, was that if a ring side seat at a prize fight is worth $50, surely the *Follies* was worth half that. In former seasons it might have been worth that much, but this year's show is distinctly below par, as Mr. Hornblow points out in another column, and properly belongs on the bargain counter. At the conclusion of the performance on the first night, EDDIE CANTOR was found in the audience fumbling with one of the orchestra chairs. "What are you doing there, Eddie?" demanded Ziegfeld. The comedian looked up and grinned. "Trying to unscrew the blamed thing, of course. I paid $22 for this chair and I'm going to take it with me!"

There was a time when the actor's dream was to play New York. Now it is to play Montreal! Despite the fact that that charming Canadian city is the worst show town on the Continent from the standpoint of business, several well-known stars (one of them a woman), have influenced their managements to "book" Montreal in order to have a brief holiday from prohibition!

AL WOODS has sold the title *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model* to a picture company for a thousand dollars. He offered to let them have the plot of it for the same money but they weren't interested. Here is at least one frank admission that the "original" of any masterpiece is not sacred to the movie folk!

THE NEW FITCH

THERE appear to be some baker's dozen of well-known players lounging about Broadway waiting for rehearsals to begin of some "new play" by FREDERIC LONSDALE. Not a management in town but appears to be harboring a Lonsdale contract—or claims to be at least. It reminds one of the old days and Clyde Fitch. LONSDALE, however, writes leisurely—far more so than Fitch—and some folks are in for a mighty long wait!

Talking of the paucity of talent, there's a big semi-musical show success just off Times Square with a great part for a leading man and the management can't seem to find that leading man. Three have been tried already (perhaps six by the time this appears), and still the director continues unsatisfied. Which indicates two things—that the situation in casting gets worse instead of better and that managers are more conscientious than the public might believe.

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THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited By M. E. KEHOE

Photos McBride Studios

Amateurs with an eye for the artistic and the beautiful may glean ideas and inspiration from these excellent settings for two plays recently produced at the University of Washington. The upper illustration is the abduction scene from *The Romancers,* produced under the direction of Glenn Hughes and Albert R. Lovejoy. Center and lower are scenes from *Bluebeard,* a comic opera by Glenn Hughes and Don Wilson, which was produced under the direction of author and composer. All the settings are the work of Richard F. Bennett.

This exquisite setting from the fantasy *The Difficult Border* scored a triumph for the Montana Masquers who produced the play at the University of Montana.

The Amateur's Green Room

THE MONTANA MASQUERS

IF we are to judge by the really lovely setting (shown on this page) from *The Difficult Border,* as presented by the Montana Masquers of the University of Montana, that group is doing some very interesting work in stagecraft.

During the summer session at the University, John Mason Brown of the Harvard Workshop group directed the Montana Masquers throughout a season of five one-act plays of unusual strength and charm.

This student organization of players first earned distinction under the direction of Alexander Dean, also of the Workshop, during whose connection with the group, the first American production of Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* was presented.

Mr. Brown opened his summer program of plays with *The Intruder,* and a series of five one-act plays followed, each Thursday evening until the end of the season. The series included *The Difficult Border, Before Breakfast, Torches, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* and *Boccacio's Untold Tale.*

THE AMARILLO LITTLE THEATRE

EDUCATORS and lovers of clean drama all over the Panhandle country, as elsewhere, are joining forces with the Little Theatre movement, and especially do educators there welcome the Little Theatre as a power for the development of the high school student, not only along histrionic lines, but as a means of stimulating an appreciation of good literature.

The Colleges in that section of the country are also lending aid by permitting students to organize Little Theatre school organizations and the students are enthusiastic over the privilege. In this way the young generation are steered away from the shoals of baneful diversions to safe and wholesome channels of constructive entertainment.

One notable Little Theatre of this West section in Texas, which has won considerable notice is the Amarillo Little Theatre, organized under the direction of Stanley Nickerson and his wife who have given their audiences a group of very interesting plays, their programs usually consisting of three one-act plays. The repertoire of the Amarillo group includes *Shams, The Floral Shop, Mrs. Pat and the Law,* and other plays of merit.

THE RICHMOND COMMUNITY THEATRE

IN one of the suburbs of Richmond, Va., known as Woodland Heights, an interesting experiment in community theatres was launched last year with the opening of the Forest Garden Theatre. The Theatre is comparatively small, occupying only half a city block, but it has for a back drop the lofty green trees of a large natural park — Forest Hill Park, the stage of the Theatre accordingly giving the illusion of immense distances and vast spaces.

The Theatre has a seating capacity of about twelve hundred, it has a very complete electric equipment—among other innovations, a "light curtain" which effectively screens the stage from the audiences and at the same time provides ample light for the changing of sets on the stage.

Since the opening of the Forest Garden Theatre, less than a year ago, fifteen entertainments have been given, some of them quite elaborate, and the plays are enhanced by the beauty of the setting; the high background of dark trees, the placid little stream at the foot of the stage contributing to the charm of the Theatre.

THE GILMOR BROWN PLAYERS

AN interesting announcement has just come to us from Mr. Gilmor Brown, successful Director of the Pasadena Community Theatre, whose own group—The Gilmor Brown Players are entering their second season with a repertory of plays including *Beyond the Horizon, The Importance of Being Earnest, Candida, Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice.*

This group make no attempt at realistic scenery for the very obvious reason that their plays must be presented on school stages and in halls and clubs where the staging facilities are frequently very meagre and inadequate, but they follow the modern decorative method of stagecraft and their productions are presented artistically and with a definite simplicity of acting.

This group are now booking for the coming season.

THE GUILD PLAYERS OF LOS ANGELES

UNDER the direction of L. W. Crandall, the Guild Players have been presenting a series of plays at Philharmonic Choral Hall, Los Angeles, their repertoire including *The Young Person in Pink, The Detour, Overtones, The Rest Cure, The Little Stone House, The Playgoers, The Unseen,* and they have in preparation O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon, Hobson's Choice, The Rivals, The Romantic Age, Hindle Wakes, Mr. Pim Passes By* and *The Torch Bearers.*

THE BROOKLYN DRAMA LEAGUE

MR. GEORGE LIEB, Managing Director of The Brooklyn Drama League of Brooklyn, N. Y., announces that the League has organized "to bring together and help budding Playwrights, Actors, Directors, Scenic Artists, Costume Designers, and others who would follow the Thespian God for possible gains in Culture, Coin or Career; to co-operate with struggling little groups seeking managerial or dramatic guidance; to produce plays wanted by Fraternal and Social Organizations and by the Public in general . . ."

THE SHAWSHEEN VILLAGE DRAMATIC CLUB

UNUSUAL and original in many respects, the Shawsheen Village Dramatic Club has been quietly but effectively making its contribution to the Drama in a little Massachusetts town where environment is perhaps one of the strongest factors in the success of the enterprise.

The Arden Casino in Shawsheen Village, formerly an old carriage shop dating back almost to George Washington's time; remodelled into a community Theatre by William M. Wood, President of the American Woolen Company and founder of Shawsheen Village.

A part of the old historic town of Andover, Shawsheen Village recently came into being largely through the dynamic energy of one man—William M. Wood, President of the American Woolen Company.

Almost overnight the sleepy little locality is being transformed into a model city; old houses have been moved and new homes with every modern convenience are being built. Elm trees weighing tons have been dug up and moved to shade new highways; a spinning mill, an hotel, two large mills, a bridge, and last but not least, a beautiful building containing a modern new theatre are part of the new order of things. Such energy rapidly radiated through a community cannot fail to have its effect. The entire town has caught fire and the Shawsheen Dramatic Club is a quite logical result of its outflowering and expansion.

The building in which the dramatic Club had its beginning was formerly an old carriage shop dating back to George Washington's time; rebuilt into a theatre, it holds 200 people comfortably. It is beautifully located on the edge of a pond and it borders a pine wood known as the Forest of Arden, from which the theatre takes its name—the Arden Casino.

Here a variety of entertainment is offered the townsfolk by the Dramatic Club which has established itself as an important and welcome factor in the community life of the Village. The most careful thought is given to the planning of each bill, which includes a serious play; a tragedy or fantasy, a comedy, and at the end, a dance in which both actors and audience participate — a real community entertainment in which even the confirmed misanthrope is sure to find something that will interest him.

The co-ordinated effort of those who have sponsored the Shawsheen Village Dramatic Club has resulted in an increased interest and development in the cultural life of the town; it has stimulated an interest in better plays and provided dramatic entertainment of a high order for this small community, which would otherwise have been denied the uplift and rejuvenating influence of the Theatre.

There are neglected old carriage houses or their counterpart in almost every small town and village. Why not put them to work for the benefit of the community, as did Mr. William M. Wood, the builder of Shawsheen Village?

PASADENA COMMUNITY PLAYERS TO HAVE A PERMANENT HOME

AN announcement sent to us several months ago by Mr. H. O. Stechhan, Publicity Director of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, conveyed the interesting information that that enterprising group will be permanently installed in their new theatre soon after the first of the new year.

Sixty-six interested friends contributed $23,000 for the purchase of the lot on which the theatre will stand; it is estimated that the project will cost $150,000, the equipment, an average of $25,000, and it is planned to make the new Pasadena Community Playhouse the finest and most complete theatre of its kind in America, devoted to non-professional drama.

The architecture of the building will be early California — a slight modification of what is generally known as "mission," and the project will be grouped around a court with small shops on two sides, the theatre proper setting well back from the sidewalk.

The auditorium will seat 800, the stage equipment embodying the most advanced ideas of modern theatres abroad. It will be so constructed that it can accommodate the largest spectacles and shrunk for small intimate productions, and since this is to be an institutional theatre, ample accommodations will be provided for carpenter shops, scenic department, and wardrobe rooms.

One of the delightful features of the new theatre will be a large rehearsal room which will serve also as a greenroom where audience and players may mingle after the performance. This is a particularly happy innovation, since it will serve to establish an intimate feeling between the players and the community of which they are a part, and it is of course in line with the social and welfare ideal of the work of this group.

The plan of the new Pasadena Community Playhouse, prepared by Elmer Grey. Provision has been made for a complete theatre workshop, where scenery, costume and lighting problems may be worked out and carried through to final completion.

THE SANTA MONICA THEATRE GUILD

IN the early Spring of this year, two graduates of the University of California at Berkeley, Mr. Robert Hutton and Mr. Leslie Storrs, decided to try their luck with a co-operative theatre at Santa Monica.

Mr. Hutton had formerly been associated with Sam Hume, the Wheeler Hall and Greek Theatre plays, as well as the San Francisco Players Club—a background and foundation that would presage success from the start, for the Santa Monica venture. Their first move was to secure the use of the Santa Monica Open Air Theatre, and there during the summer months the Santa Monica Guild presented *The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet,* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* the audience, which at first numbered only 500, growing to 1000 at the second performance and 3000 at the third!

The Guild has in preparation a repertoire of modern and classic plays.

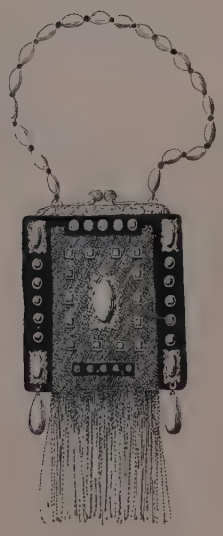
THE BEST THINGS IN TOWN

Posed by Dinarzade

Furs from A. Jaeckel & Co.

A very unusual motor wrap, voluminous and full-length, has for its make-up, strips of flying squirrel and rare blue monkey, a pelt that does not in the least resemble its more plebian brother, black monkey, but seems in its softness and lightness more like the plumage of a bird. The wrap is lined with a stunning black and gold brocade.

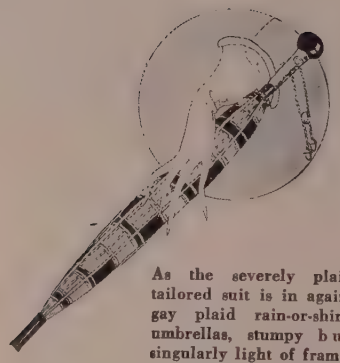
Quite one of the most beautiful of chinchilla wraps we have seen up-to-date appears above, all its skins of the real blue chinchilla, which keep their color to the end and do not fade out and become yellow. On the lower part of the cloak the skins are placed overlapping one another, which gives a particularly light and graceful effect.



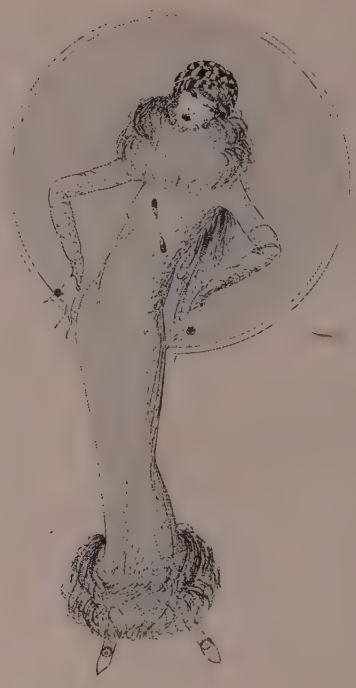
A costume would need hardly any other ornament were this smart handbag carried with it, so colorful and jewel-like it is. Soft dark suede is the background which is thick studded with an elaborate design in beads of many sizes. One may have a choice of coral, of turquoise, of topaz or yellow amber.

White, N. Y.

FROCKS FROM MRS. FISKE'S NEW PLAY AND A SLIM MODEL WORN BY MILLICENT HANLEY



As the severely plain tailored suit is in again, gay plaid rain-or-shine umbrellas, stumpy but singularly light of frame, are offered from Paris to brighten it up.



For a frock that will display to the best advantage a tall and slender figure we recommend this Bergdorf Goodman model, worn by Millicent Hanley in *Peter Weston*. The simplicity of the sheathlike silhouette brings out the beauty of the metallic silver brocade and its wide contrasting border of red fox fur.

In these new French umbrellas the plaids have either red, blue, or brown predominating, and the handles are leather straps or knobs of shell.

Never has Mrs. Fiske looked lovelier than in her new Belasco-managed play, *Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. This her first-act frock is of gold-colored chiffon trimmed with a delicate gold-embroidered lace and streamer loops and ends of burnt-orange velvet. With these golden tones a necklace and medallion of carved amber offer the just-right harmony.

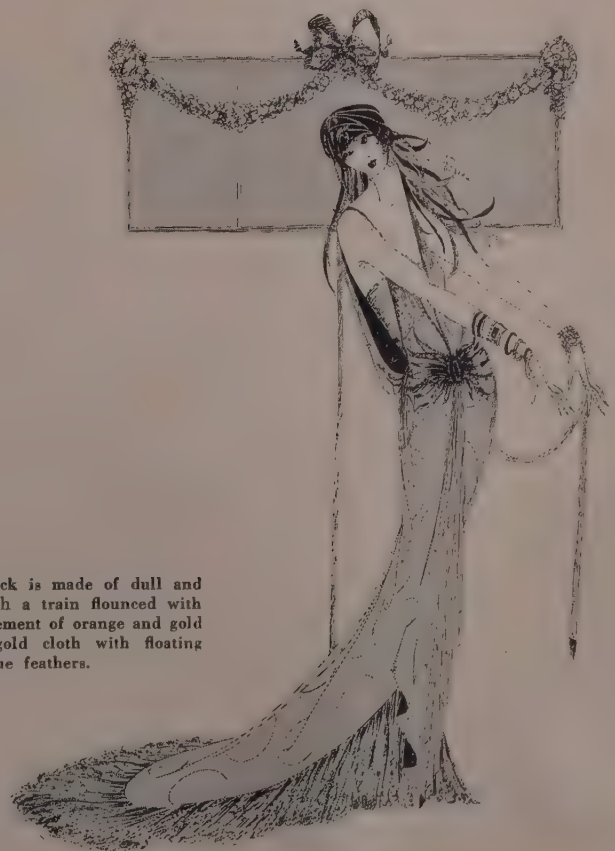
Continuing the golden harmonies which make such a wonderful blend with her gold-red hair, Mrs. Fiske appears in the second act in a cloak of yellow velvet lined with deep orange and with orange streamers. The interesting shell-like arrangement at the back is made of rows of soft shirrings of velvet, the long orange streamer emerging through the center.

During the brief life of the English *Nine O'Clock Review*, Cicely Debenham wore, with a white spangled gown, the most becoming of wigs in shiny white silk floss, and added a long white silk tassel to her string of pearls.

One of the light and floating gowns, of silver grey chiffon over rose pink, which open the new musical comedy, *Mary Jane McCane*. A charming feature of this frock is its sash of coral satin ribbon with huge bow and long ends tying in front.

At the new Club Trocadero, Barbara LaMarr appeared lately wearing a most becoming pearl headdress of Dutch bonnet effect—upstanding rows of shining small flat pearls alternating with rows of seed-like ones.

Rain-and-sun umbrellas on opposite page, headdress worn by Barbara LaMarr, and powder-box carried by Dinarzade may be found in the New York shops. For the names of these, and prices of articles mentioned write Anne Archbald, Care the Theatre Magazine, 2 West 45th St., New York City.

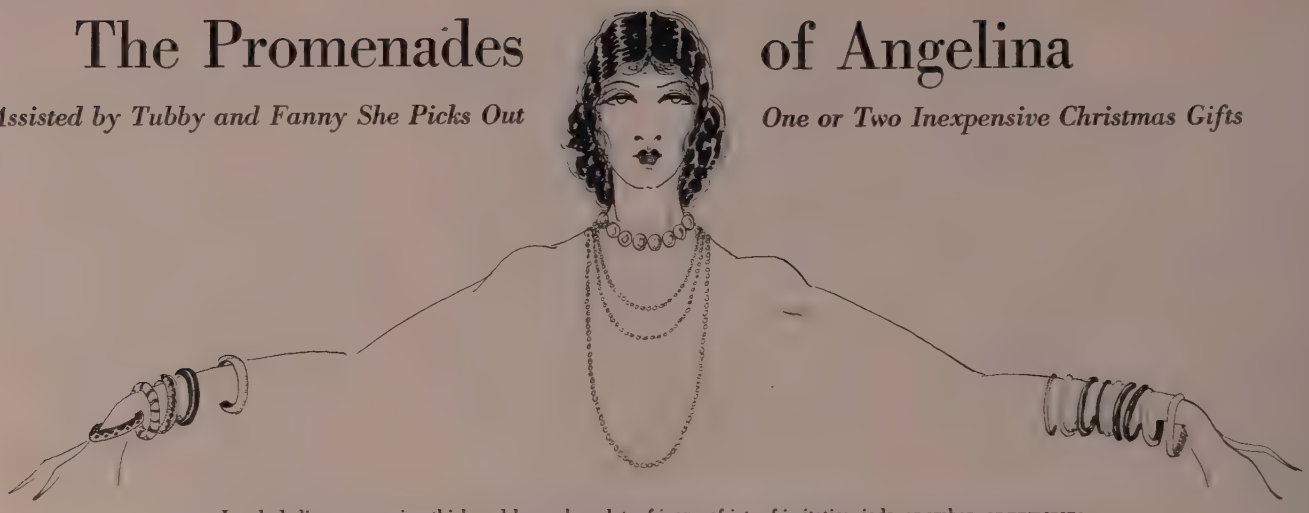


In *Mary Jane McCane* a vampish frock is made of dull and shiny gold-colored Drop d'Amour with a train flounced with gold-edged lace and a ceinture arrangement of orange and gold sequins. The turban headdress is of gold cloth with floating orange and gold coque feathers.

The latest in powder boxes, carried by Dinarzade with afternoon or evening costume, is a two-inch-long trinket of lacquered wood in Chinese red inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and having a tassel of black silk, a handle of black silk cord, and a mirror hiding in its top. It comes in bright green lacquer as well.

The Promenades of Angelina

Assisted by Tubby and Fanny She Picks Out One or Two Inexpensive Christmas Gifts



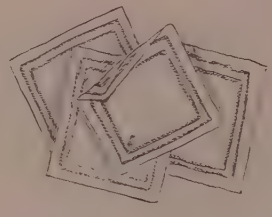
Lovely ladies are wearing thick and heavy bracelets of ivory, of jet, of imitation jade, or amber, or numerous slender and deliciously tinkling glass ones in five or six colors. Four of the latter can be had for a dollar.

Chokers of so-called black pearls, really a gun-metal grey, are a smart new note and immensely becoming. All grey earrings to match have oval drops on a chain of smaller pearls.

FANNY and I went shopping for Christmas yesterday afternoon . . We lunched at the Piccadilly beforehand and made out an itinerary over the coffee, the inevitable Tubby being present. He asked if he might come along too, and we welcomed his escort with enthusiasm. Not only does he thoroughly enjoy such pottering about . . he's more like a foreigner than an American in that respect . . but then you always get much more attention in the shops when you have a man along. Likewise, Fanny and I could be dropping hard-boiled hints as to what little remembrances we might like for Christmas ourselves . . and Tubby is always the most generous old dear . . more like an American than a foreigner in *that* respect . . or so I'm told . .

Fanny had certain things she must hunt down . . and I had certain others . . and we wanted, nay demanded, reasonable prices, as both our lists were unusually long this year . .

I, for one, had to find some of those lovely tinkly glass bracelets that come in rainbow colors, and black and white . . "Slave bangles," Tubby calls them, adding, to dodge our well-merited scorn, "because they enslave" . . I happened to be at Mme. Sherri's when Mary Nash came to order the frocks for her new play, the mapping out of which required much gesticulation on either side. On Mary Nash's right arm were one thick and heavy ivory bracelet, one thick and heavy jade bracelet, and one ditto ditto in jet. On Mme. Sherri's right arm were twelve tinkling glass bracelets; two in blue, two in rose, two in yellow, two in green, two in black, and two in white . . "The dress should be like this," said Miss Nash waving her arm . . and the heavy bracelets went ding-dong, ding-dong . . "I think it should be like this," said Mme. Sherri, waving hers, and the light bracelets went tinkle-tinkle brightly . . Then both together gesturing, there was a harmony of treble and bass . . We became quite hilarious over it and I decided that Christmas presents of similar order would not only be decorative and alluring, but afford their owners much amusement . .



Chic enough for anyone are these imported French linen handkerchiefs with their double hemstitched borders, in spite of their fifty cent price. They come in rose, old blue, yellow, and a soft grey, the latter especially engaging.

Isn't she tricky, the little French doll with her blue ribbon sash, forming a pick-me-up for the top of her powder puff, and who reminds Tubby of the *Follies?*

For further variety there are chokers of grey pearls alternating with white ones, and to match this white and grey combination, earrings of graduated strings of white pearl beads on a triangle of grey silver.

We discovered a place, after some search, where the bracelets could be purchased at the nice price of four for a dollar, and Fanny—since the idea appealed to her as well—and I picked out several sets . . One in black and white alone; another in black, white and green; another in rose, yellow and blue; another in all six tones.

Then Fanny and I were both intent on having strings of the new grey pearls and their matching earrings since we'd seen Phyllis Povah of *Windows* looking so ravishing in a set, one lunch hour at the Plaza . .

"Let's take in each other's washing," I suggested to Fanny. "You give me a set, and I'll give you one" . .

Black pearls they call them in the shops, but they're really a true gunmetal shade . . Once on a time they used to be known as Roman pearls, and could only be bought on the other side . . I remember Father bringing me a string from Florence . . and I loved them to death, only they would crack and peal off with any warmth. The

(*Continued on page* 62)

LES PARFUMS DE COTY

AMBRE ANTIQUE — *Fragrance of ancient Egypt — for the woman of enigmatic allure, incomprehensible — aloof.*
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STYX — *For women of enchanting pallor, dark-haired, mystical.*
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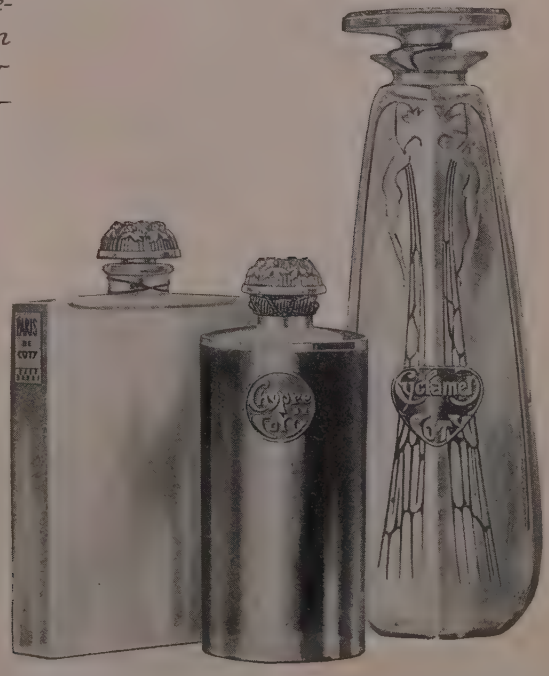

PARIS — *Gayety, brilliance — for women exquisitely alive, joyous, challenging.*
CHYPRE — *Expressing dark, oriental women, of swift, tempestuous emotions.*
CYCLAMEN — *Odeur of the exotic woman, red-haired, volatile.*

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VICES AND VIRTUES OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE

(*Concluded from Page 20*)

If one goes to see Belasco one has to pass through mysterious hallways and finally one reaches the famous stage manager's sanctum, where he plans and works. Great managers usually surround themselves with a certain mysticism, like chief priests. This is part of their profession. With Reinhardt it is the same. Belasco is a very shrewd and highly intelligent man. He is not a bold experimenter nor a literary snob. He is a show-man, every inch of him, a worker in the theatre who shuffles his scenes and actor material with a skilled hand. One may say without danger of contradiction that modern theatres can thank him—particularly in technical matters—for ideas which have found their way to other stages and emerged in new, sometimes improved forms, thus advancing the culture of the stage to the benefit of all humanity.

Belasco is also lucky in having an appreciative public and press, and not having to contend with petty intrigues, jealousies and envy, like his German colleague, Reinhardt, whom the constant nagging and hostile criticism drove from the management of his theatres. I feel a deep respect for American critics and the public for their helpful and tolerant spirit, which made it possible for Belasco and others to do what they have done for the stage.

A HOPKINS' REHEARSAL

I RECENTLY sat through a dress rehearsal with Arthur Hopkins. The auditorium was in darkness. There were only four of us present. Mr. Hopkins is a short, thick-set man, round headed, and looks more like a boxing champion than an artist. He is short of speech, stubborn in his convictions, and decisive in his actions. He walks about in the aisle and rarely looks toward the stage. Now and then he whispers to his stenographer, who jots down his remarks. He gets a bit nervous before the opening night.

Hopkins in certain things is far ahead of any producer in Europe. He is certainly more courageous in the service of artistic aims, and concedes less than his European colleagues. Even if I had seen nothing in America but his *Macbeth* production, which was unsurpassed, I would be convinced that New York before long will be the most interesting theatrical center in the world.

AMERICA KEENLY APPRECIATES

IN Europe it is generally believed that America does not want plays of literary value. I found this to be absolutely false. They say: A European author has to descend to a very low level if he seeks success in America. False again. False to such a degree that the contrary of it is true. The higher the artistic value of a book or play, the more chance it has of America's appreciation. There is *Lilom* for example.

The Theatre Guild production of Franz Molnar's play, and the success it reaped proves my contention. In fact, plays of high literary claims stand a better chance of success in America than in Europe.

Who would believe me if I said that the New York performances of *Liliom* were as good as the Budapest ones? The settings, the actors, the scenery, everything, was as good if not better. And they were all American actors, who never saw a Budapest *apache* or servant-girl in their lives, yet they played them, they gave them color and poesy—another indisputable evidence of the high intelligence of the American actor. The most insignificant parts, the Budapest policeman, the photographer, the porter were given life and local coloring by them.

I also want to say a few words about theatrical criticism in New York. I find that American critics notice and appreciate everything that is really good. They support all that is deserving, and I failed to discover the conceit and self-importance in them that European critics are so eager to assume. They suffer even the mediocre to have a shot of success and they accept things meant merely to amuse for what they are. They do not fire at sparrows with thirty pound guns. They take their business seriously and talent is sacred to them.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

To those (and they are many) who feel that Rubinstein's *"Romance in E Flat"* is the most melodious of his shorter piano pieces, this melody set as an English song, *"Since First I Met Thee,"* and sung by Mabel Garrison on a new record comes as a pleasant surprise. To go with it, on the other side of this record, Miss Garrison sings the well-known *"Gay Butterfly,"* brilliant waltz-song with delightful coloratura passages.

A thrilling summary from the great scenes of that great and sumptuous opera *"Aida"* is presented on a new record by the Victor Opera Company, a capable mixed chorus with a big orchestra. It is a good long record cleverly and adequately compiled.

Quelques Fleurs
2 Ounces
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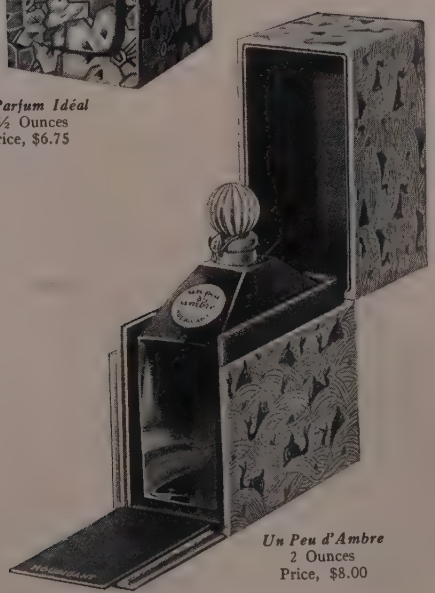

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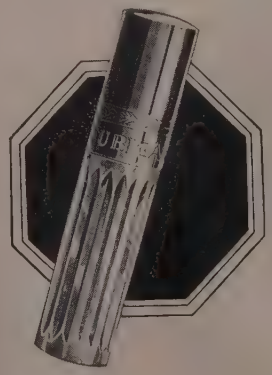

FOR REMEMBRANCE

A fascinating trifle with which to send greetings on Christmas Day is this golden-capped HOUBIGANT scent bottle for the purse. Choice of fourteen of the famous HOUBIGANT odeurs. Price, one dollar.

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Delicious Assorted Wafers

By appointment to George V, *and the Royal Households of Europe*

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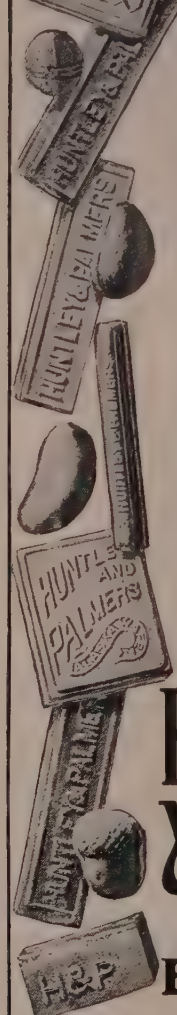
To taste these assorted biscuits is to marvel at the product of the world's master-chefs. Between crisp, golden wafers are ten flavors—layers bursting with indescribable goodness.

Really, the Sweetmeats of Kings; for each tiny morsel was prepared with the same exacting skill as the famous wedding cake made for H. R. H. the Duke of York, K. C., and his bride.



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BALLYHOOING THE BURLESQUE BUSINESS

(*Concluded from page* 24)

circus, where they did a comedy band stunt, and he wanted a burlesque written around them. I agreed on condition that it should be clean, for as a critic I had roasted too many rotten burlesques to commit another of the same kidney. The result was originally entitled *On the Yu-con,* and it played the burlesque circuits for two seasons. It was horse-play and "hokum," but it was clean as the proverbial hound's tooth. Incidentally this comical trio made stag audiences laugh so that they wanted their wives to see the show, so at the end of the season Hurtig & Seamon booked it in their Harlem Music Hall, where it ran to packed houses, composed of women and children as well as men. Taking this tip, the following season we dressed it up,—ran a thread of romance through it,—and rechristened it *Me, Him and I*—which for seven seasons thereafter toured the popular houses. Max Hoffman wrote the music, and Gertrude Hoffman made her Broadway début as Seattle Sal.

Again when I ran a press bureau on 42nd Street I had an expert mimeographer named Gerber. He was red-headed and bright as they grow on the East Side; but office work told on his none too robust health, so he took to the road as manager of one of the Miner burlesque shows. In a few years Miner took him into partnership: he married the best of the burlesque queens, Gertrude Hayes, and now Barney Gerard's *Follies of the Day* is accounted the brightest and cleanest on the circuit. Barney writes all his own stuff, and having the only pantomimic comedian in captivity this is comparatively light work, to be done between golf games. But his *Bozo at the Bat*—a Chaplinesque burlesque on DeWolf Hopper's classic recitation—was the most legitimate laugh the Columbia circuit has enjoyed in a month of blue Mondays.

It is said that for the past few seasons,—or since Prohibition really bit,—burlesque has not been so profitable; but instead of giving aspirin tablets with their dull shows the syndicate directors are boldly going out for new business. In all the cities on the circuit they are printing "sales talk" outside the regular theatrical columns, and they expect to spend $100,000 on this kind of advertising during the current season. This is an illustration of modern business methods applied to the theatrical trade, but the danger is that when amusement is so standardized that it becomes stereotyped it loses its sales value.

If the burlesque managers will brighten as well as boost their shows, we may yet witness a return of those days our grand-daddies used to tell about, when John Brougham's burlesques were the big laugh on Broadway,—or within our own memory when Weber & Fields were "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" for all companies that toured the burleycue circuit. But at present, it must be confessed, most of the productions are "all dolled up—with nothing to laugh at." So many successful producers and performers have graduated from burlesque into the regular theatrical game that there is need for new blood and ideas in this department—since the bureaus of promotion and efficiency are functioning to perfection.

MUSIC

(*Concluded from page* 36)

portrayed by Jeritza. Anatole France might object, but the opera public seems to like it that way.

L'Amico Fritz, by Mascagni comes during the second week and *Fedora* will be produced early in December. So far, no announcement has been made as to the début of the Swedish prima donna, Gota Ljunberg, but astounding things are expected from her full throat and vivid personality. Chaliapin is to have two rôles in which he has not appeared here before—that of Mephisto in *Faust* and Don Basilio in *The Barber of Seville.*

Probably one of the most striking innovations in New York musical life is the opening of a new club by the members of the Beethoven Association. During the past two seasons this organization has given a series of concerts in which every important artist has taken part. There were string quartets with Jascha Heifetz and Harold Bauer as part of the ensemble, and quintets with Fritz Kreisler playing a modest first violin.

Harold Bauer, who has kept on being one of our finest pianists while he organized, has been the stimulating spirit which made the Beethoven Society open a club-house on 44th Street.

"La Reine Des Fleurs"
(The Queen of the Flowers)
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"With such strange arts this flower did allure
That its rich odeur cast a secret spell,
And the brown bee, the lily's paramour,
Forsook the cup where he was wont to dwell,
For not a thing of earth it seemed to be,
But stolen from some heavenly Arcady."

(Athanasia)

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GUELDY INC., 21 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y.

THE CHANGELINGS

(Continued from page 28)

WICKY: No. But it doesn't surprise me. Understanding things isn't your strongest point, Mother-Kay. You're an utterly instinctive creature, you know. Most women are—

KAREN: (*With contempt*) Oh, if you think you can excuse yourself by—

WICKY: Now don't interrupt me—I'm going to say my say and have done with it. When I first came tonight and told you Kay had left me—what happened? You and dad — instinctively — took Kay's part. Why? Because of her modern ideas? Nonsense! Because, for years probably, you've both been wanting to kick over the traces yourselves. As for mother—and father-Kay—They instinctively leagued together, too.

KAREN: (*Impulsively*) Yes. They *did*—didn't they?

WICKY: Why—it's obvious—it's pathetic. So far as your instinctive emotions go, you're all married to the wrong persons—whether you're aware of it or not. Any good Freudian would tell you to change partners—and be happy. Well,—but I'm not a good Freudian, you see. (*Re-enter Fenwick from hall*) Oh—hello Dad. What have you been up to?

FENWICK: A wild-goose chase, of course. Grayling's in the thick of a poker party.

Karen insists on Fen's taking her down to Clyde Halstead's rooms at once, as "Dora and Wally are there." Wicky, left alone, merely shakes his head, and exclaims, "poor dad—poor — everybody."—Reaching absent mindedly for a match, he finds Kay's handkerchief and dashes off through Karen's bedroom, calling, "Kay! Kay!" But there is no reply. Sick at heart, he sinks into his chair by the fire, and buries his face in Kay's handkerchief, murmuring brokenly, "My darling . . . my darling . . ."

ACT II. Clyde Halstead's bachelor quarters, Central Park South. Evening. Degan, Halstead's soldier servant, is neatly painting out the initials on a steamer trunk, when Kay appears and asks him what he is doing with her "baggage." Degan tells her he is only carrying out Halstead's orders, and whilst she is waiting for him to come, Kay discusses "life" with Degan.

The telephone bell rings, Kay answers it and hears her father's voice. Degan snatches the receiver from her, and tries to persuade Wallace that it was "Central cutting in," but Wallace has recognized Kay's voice, and comes straight to the apartment and wants Kay home with him at once.

KAY: It's no use, Daddy. You can't treat m as a child, you know.

WALLACE: But you are a child—*mine*. And you're making a terrible mistake.

KAY: Oh daddy — *please* — let's not begin this way! . . . (*With passion*) Have you never done anything you hated!—but you had to go through with it—just because you were made that way . . or *pushed* that way!

WALLACE: *Pushed* that way—? I don't quite—What do you mean by "Pushed that way?"

KAY: (*Who is thinking of her mother*) Oh—everything—nothing! Things in me that . . . But I can't explain to *you*, Daddy. I *won't*.

WALLACE: Not to *me?* Well, I can understand that, perhaps . . . But to your *mother?*

KAY: No, no, *no!* I don't want to see her, Daddy—ever again!

WALLACE: (*Pauses*) You don't want to see your mother—again? What are you trying to keep from me?

KAY: Nothing—

The telephone bell rings, and Wallace, picking up the receiver, overhears a conversation between Halstead and Degan, who is in the next room. As he hangs up the receiver, Degan comes in, and takes Kay's trunk. Sorry—Miss—Mr. Halstead's orders—your father will tell you."

KAY: Daddy—?

WALLACE: Straight talk, Kay, nothing else is possible now. Halstead's at his club. He never wants to see you again . . . Says when you left him at dinner, that ended it so far as he's concerned. He won't return until you and your things are gone. The man is to let him know.

KAY: It serves me right. I suppose I ought to die of shame—or something, but I'm not going to—you'll see, Daddy—

The door bell rings, and Degan shows Dora in. She says she had to come, as she was so afraid "something might happen." Wallace explains the situation to her, and tells them that Karen had fainted at the news of Kay's disappearance . .

KAY: Oh, Daddy—Thank God. What a fool—How could I have thought—

WALLACE: Thought what, Kay?

KAY: Why, when I saw Mother in Daddy Faber's arms—Oh,—

WALLACE: Kay—Kay—

KAY: Oh, what a fool. (*Kisses him*) Forgive me, Daddy—

KAY goes home to her mother. Wallace wishes Dora to go with her, but Dora begs him to let her reach Karen unexpectedly, "It's your only chance" . . . Wallace agrees with her, rather reluctantly . . .

WALLACE: Suppose Karen and Fen, in spite of everything do run off together—?

DORA: (*After a moment's pause*) It

(Continued on page 54)

How many women do you know who have too many silk stockings?

Few Christmas lists contain the names of such fortunate people. Most of us welcome with delight the gift of a box of silk stockings, especially when the good taste of the giver has selected stockings just a trifle finer than the ordinary.

Such stockings are the "Onyx", with lace clocks pictured above. They are so beautifully made that people of the most exacting taste find in them the solution of their Christmas gift problem.

Most department stores and specialty shops carry "Onyx".

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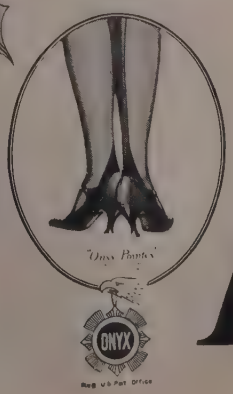

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Imported Cape of the exceptionally rare SILVER BLUE MONKEY, combined with Flying Squirrel. Price $1350.

At this season recurs that ever puzzling question—

"What shall I give Her?"

What can be safer or more sure to please than

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"It pays to buy where you buy in safety"

A. JAECKEL & CO.
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THE CHANGELINGS

(*Continued from page* 52)

won't make any difference to us, Wally. We'll stick it out on the old line, whatever happens. You see, my dear, we just happen—both of us—to be made that way.

WALLACE: Yes . . . yes . . . That's it, I suppose. What's the new-fangled lingo for being decent?

DORA: (*Smiling up at him, withdraws hand gently*) Inhibited, Wally, we're *inhibited* . . . .

WALLACE: Yes.

Meanwhile Halstead has come in from the hall and stands staring at Wallace and Dora. There is a quarrel between him and Wallace, who is insulted by Halstead's suggestion that he should publish his next novel, and accuses him of blackmail.

HALSTEAD: What did you say? Blackmail! By ——! (*His right fist shoots out at Wallace's jaw; Wallace collapses heavily on to the sofa. Dora, with a cry, throws herself down on her knees beside Wallace and takes his head on her shoulders, murmuring broken expressions of love and pity*) Well—he asked for it, didn't he?

DORA: (*Entirely oblivious of Halstead in her concern for Wally*) Wally, Wally, it's all right, dearest—you'll soon be all right—It's Dora with you—your own Dora—Can't you understand—Wally—Wally—

HALSTEAD: (*Suddenly it strikes him that Dora is not Wallace's wife—the true situation breaks upon him—and he laughs out harshly*) Oh, but—this is—wonderful! This is positively touching! What a revelation! Dear me, dear me, the secret wickedness of this wicked world!

The door bell rings and Halstead hurries off. Hearing Karen's and Fen's voice, Dora and Wallace go out by the bedroom door, not wanting to face them.

HALSTEAD: By Jove—they've cut and run, Mrs. Aldcroft! They've escaped.

KAREN: Catch them, Fen! I must see Wally at once! Oh, do be quick—

FENWICK: But really, Karen, if you will only stop to reflect a moment! We're in Mr. Halstead's rooms and—

HALSTEAD: (*Airily*) Oh, they're quite at your service. Neutral ground—

KAREN: (*Softly, but between her teeth*) Damn it, Fen—he's laughing at us . . . If you don't go, I'll go . .

HALSTEAD: (*Suavely*) I like tigerish women—don't you, Mr. Faber?

FENWICK: I have no intention of discussing Mrs. Aldcroft with you, sir. And now that her daughter has decided . . . .

HALSTEAD: (*Breaking in*) Little Kay—? Nonsense. I *sent* her home. I never invited her to come in the first place. She's a silly child . . . But it's rather amusing all the same that—

FENWICK: (*Impatiently*) Well—?

HALSTEAD: No, no, it doesn't matter. I merely mean, the high moral tone Mr. Aldcroft and your wife took with me at first—in view of the fact that subsequently . . .

FENWICK: Subsequently! What are you hinting at, Halstead—? I'm not in the habit of permitting innuendoes about my wife.

HALSTEAD: (*Glances amusingly at him*). Innuendoes—?

FENWICK: Precisely. You are trying to awaken my suspicions!

HALSTEAD: Oh, no. They must have been fully awake already.

FENWICK: Why—you—

HALSTEAD: Be careful, Faber. I've a quick temper—I'm in excellent training—and I've had quite enough of your family affairs for one evening—interesting, from a literary point of view, as they are! I advise you to wash your linen elsewhere.

FENWICK: . . . . I'll not forget this, Halstead.

HALSTEAD: No, no. I don't think you ever will. Now if you don't mind I'll say Good-night to you. (*Bows ironically to Karen*).

Karen accuses Fenwick of being a coward for not thrashing Halstead "within an inch of his life," and they quarrel. He calls her a "dangerous woman," and at last she goes off in tears, "Oh—you go back to your wife, Fen—I'm going home."

Left alone, Fenwick mutters, "Dora and Wally . . ." The bedroom door opens and Halstead re-enters, smiling insolently.

HALSTEAD: Oh . . . . Still here, Mr. Faber—? Have you anything further to say to me—? If not—

FENWICK: (*In a sudden frenzy of rage*) Yes. I've a lot to say—you home-wrecker! You're a cad—a bully—a sneak—and a damn bad novelist! (*He dashes down his hat*) Now come on—! (*And he starts to take off coat, springs at Halstead and grapples with him*—)

ACT III. Same setting as Act I. Wicky is still sitting by the fire, Wicky is still sitting by the fire, when he hears the hall door open and Fisher talks to Kay; she asks for her mother, and when Fisher tells her Karen has left "with Mr. Faber," she dashes off once more, to Mother-Dora's this time. The telephone bell rings, and Wicky is summoned to talk to his father. Whilst he is in the next room, Dora and Wallace enter. Fisher is much upset to see Wallace's injuries, and hurries off to get some courtplaster, which Dora is applying as Wicky enters . . . .

WICKY: Mother—! Thank God you're here.

(*Continued on page* 56)

LUYNA PARIS

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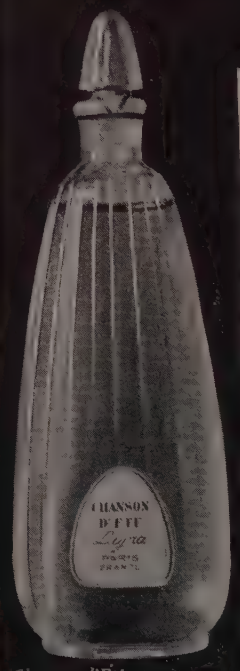

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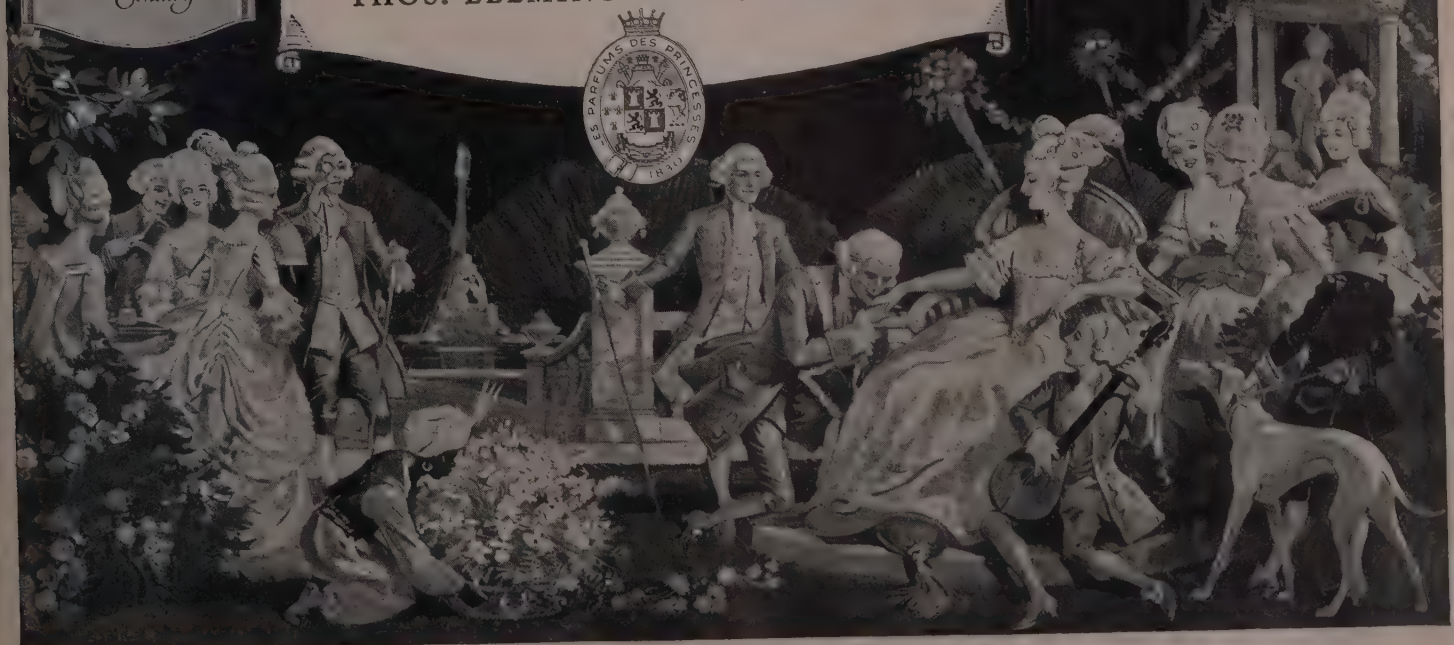

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THE CHANGELINGS

(*Concluded from page 54*)

DORA: Oh . . . What is it—?

WICKY: Dad just phoned me. He—I must see you alone, Mother.

DORA: (*Wally would leave them alone but Dora places a detaining hand on his arm*) But if it's anything—if its serious—I'd like Wally to—

WICKY: (*Firmly*) I'm sorry, Sir, but—

WALLACE: Of course—of course. Say no more about it. (*At door*) If you should need me, Dora?

DORA: What is it?

WICKY: Dad's at Halstead's rooms—alone there—

DORA: Well—

WICKY: Well, not alone. It seems Halstead insulted you, somehow—Dad tackled him—they fell together and Halstead struck his head.

DORA: Oh, Wicky—he's not—Mr. Halstead's not—? He's not—

WICKY: I'm afraid it's serious. He's all to pieces, Mother. Dad wants you with him before he notifies the police.

DORA: (*Turns faint for an instant*)

WICKY: Don't Mother, don't. He needs us both.

DORA: Of course, of course—your father would feel it so. Come, we must go to him at once.

WICKY: That's it, Mother, I knew you'd stand by him.

DORA: Of course, of course. Come, Wicky, come. (*They rush off quickly*)

WALLACE enters and asks for Dora; Fisher tells him that "she just hastened away, sir, with Mr. Wicky."

FISHER: Here's Miss Kay, now, sir.

KAY: I'm so glad you're here. Oh, but Mother wasn't here as you said, and she wasn't at Mother-Dora's. No one is, I can't understand . . . (*Takes off coat and hat*) Just put them in my old room, Fisher, I shall probably be staying on here for some days . . . Why, Daddy—you're hurt.

WALLACE: No, no, no.

Wallace pretends that it was a collision. "These taxi drivers are becoming so impossibly reckless," but he does not deceive Kay, who guesses the truth . . . "You quarreled with Clyde—and he struck you" . . . . Kay goes on to say that she suspects that her mother has "bolted" with "Father-Fen." Wallace agrees with her, "Karen's had her way again. She's gone through with it, left us."

KAY: Yes—and for your sake, Daddy—your's and Mother-Dora's—I think I'm glad.

WALLACE: No, no, Kay—you're not. There's no gladness in all this— Not for any of us. The whole thing is dreadful.

KAY: (*After a pause*) Yes . .

(*Enter Karen, she stops short*)

WALLACE: Isn't it splendid to have Kay home with us again?

KAREN: (*Her voice breaking*) Wally . . . Has Kay told you . . ?

WALLACE: No, there was nothing she could tell me. We were both hoping you'd come back to us—and now you've come. Kay!

KAY: Mother!

KAREN: (*Running into Kay's arms*) My darling—my precious. I've been so afraid for you . . If anything had happened to you—because of *me*.

KAY: But nothing has, Mother.

Wicky comes swiftly in terribly upset, and Wallace and Karen go into the next room, leaving him with Kay who owns that she has treated him "horribly."

WICKY: I love you. I'm crazy tonight with longing for you . . . .

KAY: No. (*Pleading*) Don't make me come to you—help me *not* to come.

WICKY: Kay—?

KAY: Not like this—blindly. If there's nothing more for us—. No, no—I won't have it this way—*my* way—not again. If I can't give you something bigger than myself—something you *can* believe in—trust— . . . Oh Wicky—if I could only help you.

WICKY: (*After a pause, gently*) I'm not worth it, Kay. I've been letting you blame yourself—for my own blindness.

KAY: No . . . .

WICKY: Yes—Why should I have taken it for granted that making a home for me, looking after my comfort, was all you needed from life? God knows light housekeeping isn't a career.

KAY: Unless . . . Unless there are—children . . . .

WICKY: (*His face lighting suddenly*) Ah, but then, of course, it isn't *light*.

KAY: Wicky, why have you never talked like this to me. If you only had . .

WICKY: Is it too late? . . It's all meaningless now—without you.

KAY: And—*with* me?

WICKY: You see I need you, Kay . . need you—to help me *find* a meaning.

KAY: Ah—*That's* why I ran, and ran and ran, till I ran home— (*She is in his arms, clinging close to him*)

Epilogue. Same setting as Act I. A year later. The two couples have been dining together, and once more they chat over their after-dinner coffee but this time they drink a toast, proposed by Wallace, "Here's to Fenwick Faber Third, bless him!" The conversation becomes general . . .

KAREN: That's a splendid idea, Dora. Then I can have Kay's silver mustre-marked. It belonged to her grandmother—

(The End)

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WHAT IS STAGE PERSONALITY?

Players Who Owe Their Success to This Elusive but All-Important Asset

By SAM FORREST

SOME one asked me if I would prefer a bad actor with a good personality to a good actor with no personality. In the first place, an actor with a good personality cannot be a bad actor. He may not be a versatile actor, but for that which he is suited, he will make a favorable impression with an audience. And as audiences care more about being pleased than being art critics, half the battle is won with the actor's personality. The mechanics of a characterization to the average theatregoer, is about as interesting as a set of blueprints. It is the personality of the actor that gives the glow and sparkle of life.

Did you ever know a confidence man? I knew one once who had, beyond anyone I had ever met, the most remarkable personality. He could, with the least trouble imaginable, gain an audience with our greatest millionaires, and the way he would take them into camp was incredible. Pure personality, that's all!

Did you ever go into a hat store to buy a hat? That may seem a fool question; but did you ever notice that one salesman will have you walking out of the store with a new hat on your head and the old one in your hand, before some other salesman has opened the box for another customer! Personality. A bond salesman sold to a friend of mine a thousand dollars worth of bonds, and was on his way downtown with the check—when my friend suddenly remembered that he hadn't even asked to see the salesman's credentials. The salesman simply overpowered him with his personality. This transaction turned out to be all right; but the sale would have been made, just the same, if the salesman had been a crook.

ACTING OR PERSONALITY

I HAVE been asked if Al Jolson is an actor or a personality. My answer is this: If Al Jolson made up his mind to play Shylock and could give the performance before an audience which was unprejudiced, through its memory of Irving, Adler, Warfield, or some other actor in the same rôle—I believe Jolson would provide them a histrionic treat that would leave a life-long impression. And if Jeanne Eagels should decide to do a Jolson act in black-face, with a mammy mother Hubbard, she would be just as great as in *Rain*. The personality of Jeanne Eagels would shine through a hogshead of burnt cork.

When George M. Cohan was singing through his nose and had a feather duster for a dancing partner, it would have been an easy hazard to prognosticate that the young man would stamp that wonderful personality on the American public with as much ease as he stamped the imprint of his dancing shoes on the proscenium of the vaudeville theatres of the country. Speaking of Cohan reminds me of an incident in the life of his erstwhile partner, Sam H. Harris. The Friars were giving a banquet in honor of Mr. Harris. There were to be about one thousand guests, made up of the celebrities of New York. Sam had to make a speech and he confessed to me that it was his maiden effort, and that he was so nervous he was hoping he would be struck by lightning before the momentous occasion arrived. However, the occasion did arrive and so did Sam Harris. I will never forget the moment when he stood on his feet to make that speech. Small, natty of figure, he faced the assemblage! The personality of the man swept over the audience like an electric current. The applause must have lasted ten minutes. I do not remember the speech; I don't suppose Mr. Harris does either. In fact, it was unnecessary for him to have said anything. Personality had captured the audience, and that was sufficient.

FACTORS IN SUCCESS

MARY RYAN has played a greater variety of parts than usually fall to the lot of an actress. Her technique has varied; but it matters not what part she had played, the personality of the actress never failed to reach out and capture the hearts of the audience.

Margaret Lawrence is another girl who bothers little with technique. She gets the idea of the character in her mind, and after that it is the personality of Miss Lawrence that has captivated the playgoers in every rôle she has enacted.

Then there is our beloved Jane Cowl, who came up from an extra girl with Belasco to the foremost Juliet of her time. Do you think that she is the greatest Juliet who ever drank the poison? I don't. But when I saw her Juliet, I could readily understand how she rose from obscurity to the position of the foremost actress of her day. Personality.

And who believes that Ethel Barrymore is the greatest actress in the world, or that her brother Jack is the greatest actor? I don't; but I'll pay five dollars any time, to see either of them act, for there is something about the personalities of Ethel and John that disarms any critical judgment of which I may be possessed.

Then there is little Ernest Truex, I believe that he aspires to play *Hamlet*. I wouldn't be surprised to see him do it some day, and if he does,

(*Concluded on Page 60*)

FRAGRANCE

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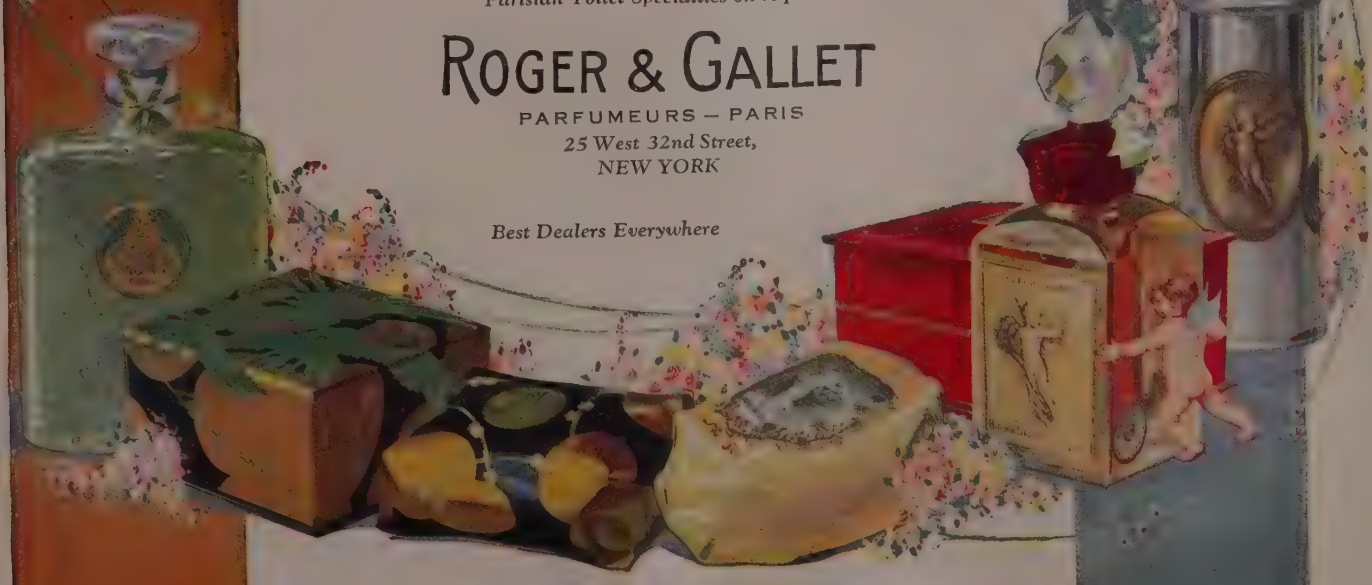

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WHAT IS STAGE PERSONALITY?

(*Continued from Page 58*)

he may be "rotten" in the part—but the personality of the boy will make you feel that there is "more here than meets the eye."

Then we come to Roland Young. Pidgeon-toed and mustached like a pirate. No one ever knows whether Young is good in a part or not; but you do know that you spent a most satisfying evening in the theatre with him.

Then there is Wally Eddinger, I still think of him as Little Lord Fauntleroy. With his immobile, expressionless face, you wonder if he could play anything. I have never been able to make up my mind whether Wally is a great actor or a unique personality. But I do know that I would rather see him act than to see a world series, and I think that a world series is the greatest event in the history of sport.

Do you think Willie Collier or Sam Bernard are great actors? Well, never mind answering that one; but you will admit that you never went out of the theatre dissatisfied after seeing them. And what about Grant Mitchell? He is so awkward, that, at times, he gets in his own way, and yet he has been a distinctive hit in every part he ever played. Wonderful personality.

Little Genevieve Tobin and her sister, Vivian. I remember them as children. Their personalities just trickled all over everything, and it has tricked them into the spotlight of big things.

Do you think Frank Tinney receives twenty-five hundred dollars a week, or whatever it is (I get dizzy when I write down actors' salaries) because he is a great actor? I think not. Look him over and his personality will slap you right in the face.

PLAY OR HOKUM

FUTURE historians of the theatre will have to decide whether *The First Year* was a great play or great hokum—but it will require no historian to decide that it was the quaint personality of Frank Craven that gave the play its charm. As to *Lightning*, it was all personality. Winchell Smith impressed his personality on the play—and then dear old Frank Bacon did the rest.

What was it that elevated Bobby Clark from the circus lot to the position of leading comedian in the *Music Box?* There are hundreds of comedians in burlesque who are just as good as Bobby; but there are precious few who have his engaging personality. His partner, Paul McCullough, would earn about a hundred dollars as an actor; but he earns much more than that through his personality. In the same company are Billy Gaxton, Charlotte Greenwood, Al Sherman and Robinson Newbold, all of them playing on their personalities and getting away with it. Grace La Rue, of course, has a real voice, and has played in the legitimate drama, but at the same time, she must have something back of it.

Robert Ames and Phyllis Povah I think, owe their success primarily to personalities. Then there are Frank Thomas and Paul Nicholson. They have the kind of personalities that should carry them far. And the Nash Sisters, Mary and Florence; they are ablaze with personality. I don't know whether Lynn Overman is an actor or a personality.

THE THEATRE MANAGERS

LET us have a look at our theatrical managers: Al Woods, Archie Selwyn, Sam H. Harris, John Golden, Arthur Hopkins, Abraham Erlanger, Lee and Jake Shubert—all of them came up from nothing, without influence and without financial backing. Do you think that their success is due to the fact that they are smarter than any one else? Not at all. Meet any one of these men; talk to them for five minutes and you will find that they have the kinds of personalities that will make you think that anything they say is right. And it is the same with actors.

It must not be understood from this that I hold the acting genius of these people cheaply. Quite the contrary. What I specifically mean is that there are hundreds of highly capable actors, who, lacking in the impress of personality, are seen time and time again, and yet are not remembered by the public.

THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY

During the making of a film a fat actor had to jump from a twelve foot cliff to a piece of ground that was hidden behind the scenes, so he paid a brawny super to be there to catch him as he landed. The time came for the fat actor to leap, and seeing the super was on the spot, he sprang carelessly into the void, as if the twelve feet was no more to him than twelve inches. Down he sailed, swiftly through the air, and crash! he struck the hard ground with a terrific impact. The super, stepping back, had failed him.

"Why didn't you catch me?" he moaned.

"I wanted to," said the super, "but you didn't bounce."

JUDGE

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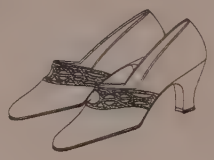

The Play of Style!

Style is the drama of dress. In it is found the tragedy of vogues dethroned, the love scenes of a new found beauty, and in the sphere of slippers, I. Miller is a playright to whom the theatrical profession has given enthusiastic applause.

I. MILLER

Beautiful Shoes

Shops in Principal Cities

BROADWAY'S KING OF THE CHORUS

(*Concluded from page* 22)

"Not many. Joan Gardner in the *Follies* was a waitress. Ina Claire saw her in Seattle and told us about her. Marcelle Winter was a cigarette girl in a restaurant. Helen Lomp worked in a shoe factory. But there's something else that you must not forget. Forty or fifty girls in the *Ziegfeld Follies* carry their mothers with them. The management pays the fare of the mothers. In *Little Lady Butterfly* fourteen of the twenty girls are from convents. A great many of the chorus girls come to us from convent schools. The morale of the chorus has changed. In the *Ziegfeld Follies* not more than three of the former type remain."

I asked Mr. Wayburn how he selected future stars.

"As they arrive in the outer office and apply they are card indexed and divided into groups. The division is made as to size. Girls of from five feet to five feet three inches are listed as dancers. Those whose height is from five feet three to five feet seven are mediums. The girls who are from five feet seven to five feet eleven are show girls. Squads of them are sent into my office."

It is an artistic office more worthy of the name studio. A room of vast spaces, of blue rugs and curtains, of shining desk and table and chairs of rare woods. Miss Raw Material entering it, no matter what the "home folks" think about her, feels pitiably insignificant. Standing in line with her group, be it dancers or mediums or towering show girls, she first listens to a lecture.

Addressing himself, for instance, to the show girls, he says: "If you have a sense of rhythm, which presently we will discover, you are fortunate. Your features are good. It will be necessary for you to learn to stand better. You must neither sway back nor slump forward. You must learn to lift your feet easily and not to be conscious of them. And the same of your hands. Your height is your fortune. If you had been a dancer you would have earned thirty-five to fifty dollars a week. If you had been a medium, fifty to seventy-five. But because of your height and the scarcity of show girls you may earn from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a week. There are several girls in the *Follies* who earn a hundred dollars a week."

Mr. Wayburn stopped in the imaginary lecture to show me a letter from a girl who said she could not continue on the road for less than a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week because it cost so much to live on the road. "She is a fine girl and a beauty, but we will have to find someone for a hundred a week to succeed her."

"What is the average life of a chorus girl?" I asked.

"Five years," answered Old King Opportunity.

"Why so short?"

"For one thing because ambition takes some of them into principal parts. Many of them marry. One reason is that girls grow old fast in the chorus."

With Mr. Wayburn it is "To the stars through the chorus." He has a *flair* for the something different which is personality.

The raw material, granted the good features and the sense of rhythm and the absence of a hump, must be moulded, galvanized, trained to facileness, beautified through motion. Therefore, Ned Wayburn's Studios of Stage Dancing. Therefore the title, "Old King Opportunity."

THE PROMENADES OF ANGELINA

(*Concluded from page* 46)

modern one are, of course, as durable as any indestructible pearls, and surprisingly enough they are very soft and becoming to the skin . . They suited both Fanny and me, though we are opposite types . .

So I chose for Fanny a choker in all grey pearls, and to be different we chose for me one in alternate grey and white . . And to go with Fanny's necklace, earrings of oval drops at the end of a chain of smaller pearls, all in grey. To go with mine, dangling strings of small white beads, on a triangle of grey silver . .

At the same shop Tubby spotted a special handkerchief counter furnishing forth for the modest sum of fifty cents, the most fetchingly simple French linen handkerchiefs, with double borders of hemstitching. These came in solid colors of old blue, rose, yellow, and a dove grey, the latter being particularly *chic* . . and between the three of us we half bought up the supply . .

You see the sketch of the French powder puff with the baby doll top at the bottom of page 46. That was Tubby's discovery too . . He was most gleeful over it . . said, "it reminded him of the *Follies*, because it was full of 'sex appeal' and was just the *joujou* he wanted to send to . ." At which interesting point he suddenly swallowed, though Fanny and I had our own suspicions . . It is tricky for a small Christmas gift, isn't it?

(*For prices and names of shops where the articles mentioned on page* 46 *may be purchased, write Angelina, Care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 *West* 45*th Street, New York.*)

the turning of a page in
"Fans and Personality"

"In the days of long ago, the woman of fashion affected great dignity and demanded much homage, and her fan—in harmony with the luxury of her attire—was wafted by her favorite slave. Now, the fan, still unfailingly reflecting Fashion's modes and Woman's moods, in her own fair hand, enslaves more surely" —
from *"Fans and Personality."*

"Eisemann for Fans"

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(At your favorite dealer's)

A Fan for Every Woman
A Fan for Every Event

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"Eisemann Fans"

From Spain, from France, from Egypt, from India and China, have their representatives brought the artistry of design. From Africa they have brought the finest of ostrich feathers; for the handles, from Japan, tortoise shell, and from France, shelloid and amberoid; from Spain and Switzerland the finest of laces; from South America, the gay bird plumage; and from our own land, the choicest of fabrics.
All of these have the Eisemann staff of designers and colorists gathered together and from them created fans that harmonize with the numberless types and styles — So that it can be safely said

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An Eisemann Fan for Every Event

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Enclosed find 25c. for which please send me a copy of "Fans and Personality."

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Because the Fan has this season become so important a part of the woman's costume, E. Eisemann & Company have published "Fans and Personality" a booklet containing a gallery of photo-etchings of America's most beautiful actresses, each posed with the Eisemann fan that best suits her personality.

This book will please and assist you to choose your fan. It is an ornament that can well grace any library table and the photo-etchings of these lovely artists will do justice to any wall or frame.
Send for your copy today.

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THE TRE-JUR triple compact—a veritable treasure chest for "beauty in the making." Complete for the hasty toilette—yet no larger than ordinary compacts. *Complete* we say, for beside poudre and rouge, there is a lip-stick.

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In keeping with this beautiful vanity, we sought the finest scent obtainable, sought it near and far—and Joli-Memoire was chosen. Once Milady has breathed its piquant fragrance, she will never be satisfied with any other odour—for it lends a distinctive personality.

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THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR:
UNITED TOILET GOODS CO.
21 WEST 18TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

IN SEARCH OF AN AMERICAN SIDDONS

(*Continued from page* 12)

This is rather difficult. In voice, looks, and bearing she appeared to be fitted with a part which could hardly be duplicated; and while a great actress—indeed possessing genius for such rôles—we wonder how far her versatility will take her and whether she played that type of a part so long that she will be always remembered by like character delineations.

Miss Lord is young and has the world at her feet. London gave her an ovation; New York crowds to see her. Has she that within her to carry her upward and onward? We must watch Miss Lord.

THE COWL JULIET

I WOULD say that Jane Cowl was near the pinnacle of her powers. She has given some notable interpretations; her Juliet is a sheer delight. Her low-pitched voice carries to every part of the theatre, and she appears even more beautiful and youthful than she actually is. She is a most accomplished actress who has a deep respect for her art; in fact, she is one of the few whose work may live after them. Whether she satisfies our solution as to a successor to Siddons, I have grave doubts; but the years are still ahead of her and she may yet give us some work of actual inspiration and genius. She was close to this in *Smilin' thru*, but so far she has just failed.

What may we expect from Phyllis Povah? Here is a most painstaking young actress, who, in the finely-drawn character-drama, *Icebound*, by Owen Davis, and more recently as Faith Bly in Galsworthy's *Windows*, conveys the idea that she is over-impressed by the importance of self-repression. Miss Povah has a pleasing voice, which she knows how to control, but is evidently afraid of over-emphasis. Not actually self-conscious, her methods are of the natural order and she is always interesting and very sincere. Her career is worth following and her very earnestness gives promise of better things.

The acting of Helen Mackellar as the wife in *Beyond the Horizon* and in *The Storm*, proclaimed her an aspirant to honors above the average. She assuredly has dramatic comprehension; and in her lighter moments she is natural and very alluring.

Florence Eldridge was unusually excellent in *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. In *The Dancers* the impression she made was less favorable. More than one critic has predicted a brilliant future for this young actress. I wonder.

The Sadie Thompson of Jeanne Eagels in *Rain* is a living thing. She gives a most vivid rendition of the character of a pretty, frail, young woman, hardened by her sordid life, but with a woman's heart beneath her tawdry frocks. Still, I hardly think that abiding greatness will attend Miss Eagels; rather the fleeting memories of some vastly clever characterizations, which include her delightful French girl in *The Wonderful Thing*. I hope I am wrong.

There was a time, not so long ago, when we turned expectantly to Ruth Chatterton, a conscientious actress; but she has given us some interesting studies without fully satisfying us. Her natural leaning is towards rôles denoting tenderness, such as Mary Rose; but she was not ethereal enough for our full acceptance. We loved her in *Daddy Longlegs*. In parts making heavier demands, she becomes self-conscious and strains after effect.

The career of the artistic—I almost wrote too artistic—Alla Nazimova nearly amounts to a tragedy. She seems deliberately to have let fame slip through her expressive fingers. This picturesque Russian actress made an extraordinary appeal in some of Ibsen's dramas, and then deserted the stage for motion pictures, in which she achieved but moderate success. She has decided mannerisms and a somewhat perverse temperament which often mars her efforts; but the way is still open to give her undoubted brilliance full sway and to re-enter the lists.

A SPARK MISSING

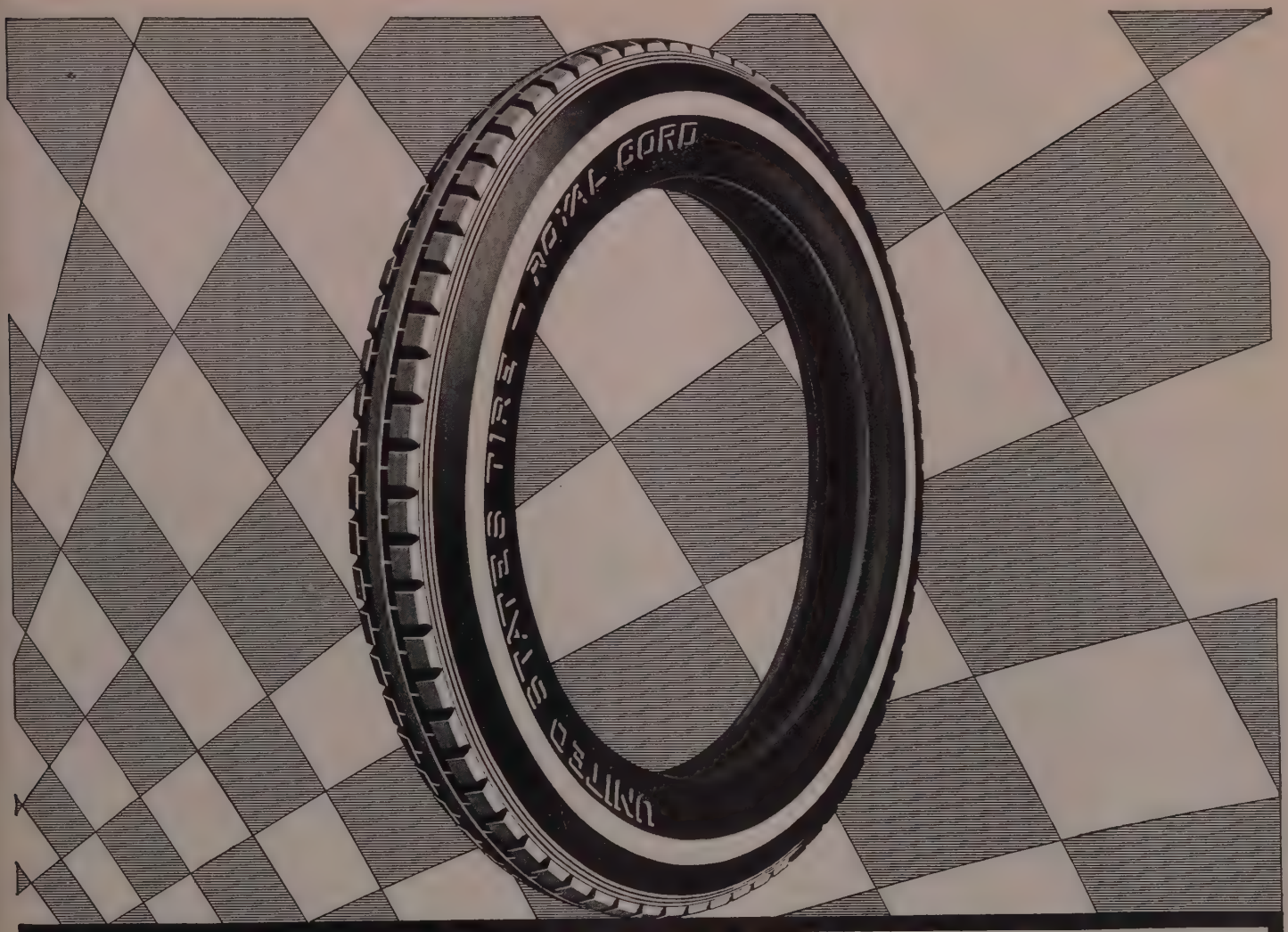
WHAT promise there was in beautiful Julia Marlowe! Her acting has always had a depth of sincerity. Her Juliet was a fascinating, girlish performance, one of the best I have seen. Another of her real successes was as Barbara in Clyde Fitch's *Barbara Frietchie;* but most of her triumphs have been in Shakespearean characters.

Miss Marlowe is one of those artists who have missed fame by the veriest touch; she has been close to it. Somehow the inspiration has been lacking; or is it that she has thought too much of herself in connection with her art to the detriment of her characterizations? I confess I am unable to locate properly the missing link between her work and posterity; but the vital touch of genius has been wanting; and earnest work and a striving for ideals have taken its place. She deserves so much that I should like to think otherwise.

We can now look to Laurette Taylor who, while a delightfully refreshing and inventive comedienne, has made us aware of her limitations. No matter what part Miss Taylor may be seen in, *Peg o' My Heart* recurs; and the actress has a peculiar delivery which has much to do with this constant reminder. She captivates us and compels our sympathies, but does not hold us.

I hardly think that Lenore Ulric

(*Continued on page* 66)



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Nothing is much more unpleasant than making a tire change when the weather nips your fingers and the roads are covered with ice, snow, slush or mud.

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The woven back of Furtex, as of *all* Salt's Fabric Furs, permits tailoring and shaping hardly possible with bulky animal furs. And they can never crack throughout their long service. Yet the cost of a fashionable jacquette of Salt's Fabric Fur is only a small fraction of what you would pay for one in a medium grade animal fur!

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IN SEARCH OF AN AMERICAN SIDDONS

(*Concluded from page 64*)

will have more than striking success in her generation; and yet she has many years in which to amuse and entertain us with her excellent impersonations. Miss Ulric may hand us a big surprise yet; but, frankly, I do not look for anything but popular success from her.

Nance O'Neil has flirted with fame and has been an ornament to our stage. Her career has been a full one; and she has received recognition for her Magda, Camille, Juliet, Rosalind, Viola, La Tosca, Hedda Gabler, the Jewess in the play of that name, Parthenia, Thais, and other worthy parts. In rôles demanding strong emotion and passion, Miss O'Neil has no rival today. She is a distinguished and sincere actress; yet I doubt whether her personality has been magnetic enough to allow her to wear the bays.

Doris Keane's chances for permanent recognition were spoiled by the too-long adherence to the character of Margherita Cavallini in *Romance,* a very beautiful and touching performance, never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to enjoy it. In *The Czarina* she was terribly stagey.

Margaret Wycherly, a graceful and dignified actress, has given some striking studies from which her Jane Clegg stands out strongly. However, her boundaries appear to be defined.

The outstanding success of that delicious actress, Lynn Fontanne, was her altogether captivating Dulcy. She has scored another triumph with *In Love With Love.* Miss Fontanne is a pretty, young woman of artistic methods and she is fortunate in having a deft touch and considerable poise. Her forte is assuredly the slightest and most delicate of comedy; her successes are for the day and not for the future.

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

ANOTHER actress of the same type as Miss Fontanne, is Genevieve Tobin, who pleased everyone in *Polly Preferred.* In this she acted with too much repression and was apt to mumble her words at times.

Charming Margaret Lawrence delighted us with a performance grading from girlhood to old age in *Secrets.* Here is an actress with delightfully natural methods and endowed with a happy personality. She has pleasing tonal qualities and is an excellent actress; but she stops short of genius.

Margalo Gillmore was immense in *The Famous Mrs. Fair;* but her work, though promising, has been uneven, and a fair judgment of her capabilities has not yet been possible.

Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, and Marjorie Rambeau, being excellent actresses, proficient in technique, but without inspiration, are for their generation only.

There are a number of intelligent, fine actresses who are doing splendid work and who have approached the line of lasting greatness without having been able to cross it, among others being Francis Starr, Laura Hope Crews, Blanche Bates, Edith Wynne Matthison, Blanche Yurka, Grace George, Janet Beecher, and Henrietta Crosman. All have added to the dignity of their calling and our entertainment.

THE LATE SUCCESS

THE quest is not ended. Recently a bevy of fresh feminine talent has come to give new life and vigor to our stage—Katharine Cornell, who delighted us as the flapper in *A Bill of Divorcement,* and again scored heavily in *Casanova;* Helen Gahagan, a young actress of unusual promise, tense and natural in method, now appearing in *Chains;* Ann Harding, whose sincerity rings a true note in *Tarnish;* Kathlene MacDonell, who made a distinct impression as the prostitute in *The Deluge,* and now in *The Dancers;* Roberta Arnold, whose contagious humor in *The First Year* won her hosts of admirers; Florence Johns, who in *The Children of the Moon* reveals emotional powers of no mean order—these are our future stars. Nor in a survey of feminine talent on the American stage can we forget the admirable artistry of Clare Eames as Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart; that finished and charming comedienne, Mary Young, or the brilliant technic of Beatrice Terry, a descendant of a famous theatrical family and herself an actress of exceptional powers seen too seldom on our boards.

With Europe war-weary and interested only in light fare, the American actress today possesses unique opportunities. There are, or will be, others Siddons'; we want to greet them and, when they have proved their worth, to put them on that pedestal to which their histrionic gift entitles them.

THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY

During the making of a film a fat actor had to jump from a twelve foot cliff to a piece of ground that was hidden behind the scenes, so he paid a brawny super to be there to catch him as he landed. The time came for the fat actor to leap, and seeing the super was on the spot, he sprang carelessly into the void, as if the twelve feet was no more to him than twelve inches. Down he sailed, swiftly through the air, and crash! he struck the hard ground with a terrific impact. The super, stepping back, had failed him.

"Why didn't you catch me?" he moaned.

"I wanted to," said the super, "but you didn't bounce."

JUDGE.

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—it guards the most fascinating secret in the world

Perfumers have spent their lives seeking in vain the secret which Vivaudou has at last found and keeps beyond the famous door of mystery. You can never know what marvelous secret it jealously guards, but you can have the bewildering appeal of this new perfume quality in the Mai d'Or products.

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For years perfumers have sought this secret of perfume—this secret of attractiveness—and now Vivaudou has discovered it for you. It will give you charm. It possesses a bewildering power of attraction that other perfumes cannot have—for its compelling charm is imparted behind the now famous Mysterious Door—which only Vivaudou may enter but which, for you, stands as the symbol of a new fragrance—a new attractiveness.

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Send only 20 cents to Vivaudou (Dept. 5-D-11), 469 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a tiny bottle of Mai d'Or and a bit of the exquisite powder in a new pat-a-cake-puff, together with the interesting book "The Story of the Secret Door" with hints on how to use perfume effectively.

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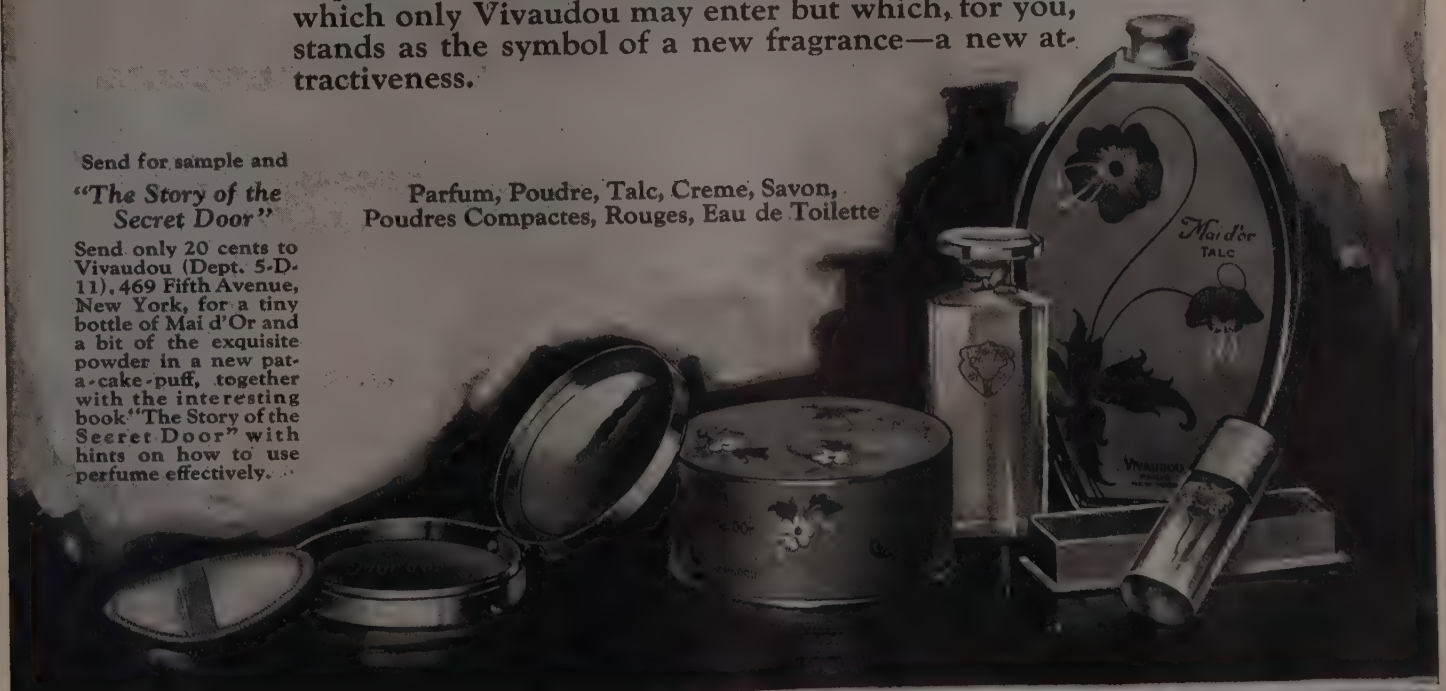

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TARPON INN, USEPPA ISLAND, FLORIDA

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SPORT! Did you ever angle for the "King of Deep Sea Fish"—that warrior of the waters, the flashing, silver-mailed tarpon? If you are a keen fisher-fellow there is an unforgetable pleasure waiting for you in the sky-blue waters of Charlotte Harbor—the most famous tarpon waters on the continent.

When you drop your troll into the sea you set the pace for gripping adventure—you unleash all of your primitive instinct for red blooded sport. Imagine! your feet braced in a sturdy launch as your troll tugs its prelude to battle; whizz! your line sings from the reel; your rod bends into a semi-circle when, after wild lashes, the tarpon rushes down in a smother of foam; your struggle to pump the long, lithe body up a yard or two at a time; your tense nerves when you suddenly see this silver streaked body—perhaps six feet long—leap desperately skyward; and how, after half an hour or more of this gripping sport, you gradually play your weakened prize within a few feet of the launch; your mingled joy and pride as you catch a glimpse of the floating white belly and watch the guide, who with a skilful twist, brings to gaff this the gamest fish that ever swam—if you're lucky. That's fishing.

Besides the best tarpon fishing in the world, numerous other fish are found in the waters around Useppa. For light tackle, from January to June, there's the Lady Fish and the voracious Snook. Then there's the spectacular and gamy King Fish which affords brilliant sport.

So, come to Tarpon Inn, Useppa Island, Florida to experience this the King of Sport. Besides, bring your bathing suit, camera, tennis racket and golf clubs. Here is truly the home of a variety of recreation, true sport—and honest hospitality.

Tarpon Inn

Send Request Form for Booklet

Florida Hotel & Navigation Co., Dept. A, 220 West 42nd Street, New York

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 19)

particular beauty, charm or skill in their act so inappropriate to the occasion? More Hippodrome stunts! It needed only the elephants to make the resemblance complete.

The prize for sheer, unadulterated idiocy went to the act entitled *The Bridegroom,* by Frederic Lonsdale. That anybody out of a lunatic asylum could have written it, or any manager still in control of his reason, accepted it, must always remain a dark mystery of the stage.

Among the redeeming spots are Fannie Brice, whose exuberant humor acted like a tonic amid the general gloom, Paul Whiteman and his jazz orchestra, and *La Marquise,* an effective picture pantomime arranged by Ben Ali Haggin.

Flo Ziegfeld says that he's through with producing shows of the *Follies* order and that this one will be the last. No doubt he realizes that, with ever mounting costs, he cannot hope to surpass or even equal his earlier efforts, the shows that made his trademark famous. I can quite believe it after seeing the present *Follies.*

The Shame Woman

A drama by Lula Vollmer, produced by the Independent Theatre, Inc., at the Greenwich Village Theatre on October 15, with the following cast:

Liz Burns, Florence Rittenhouse; Mrs. Burns, Minnie Dupree; Martha Case, Florence Gerald; Ezra Case, Claude Cooper; Matron, Jessie Graham; John Crombie, John J. Ward; Craig Anson, Edward Pawley; Lily, Thelma Paige; Preacher, G. O. Taylor.

IN her second venture as a playwright, Lula Vollmer has again confined herself to the medium with which she is definitely familiar. *The Shame Woman,* like *Sun Up,* is a study of the rugged primitive folk of the North Carolina mountains. Whether this play at the Greenwich Village Theatre will achieve the success of its predecessor would be a daring bit of prophecy. A little of these primitives goes a long way. Their ignorance, grimness and absence of humor are, like the dialect story, to be taken in modest quantities. The new play has perhaps more drama than the one that went before, but it is of the conventional pattern, and the real values of *The Shame Woman* are in its nice distinction of characteristic traits rather than the tragic consequences of the story *per se,* which includes a couple of seductions, a murder and an execution. Such a combination makes for a full evening if not a particulary cheerful one. Tragedy these days is an acquired taste. There is a chance for those that deal in big imaginative flights sustained on pinions of pure poetry. Whether there is a public for the tragic drab I wonder?

In her dual rôle Florence Rittenhouse shows an adequate ability to portray both the emotions of youth and middle age. Minnie Dupree figures to advantage. The remainder of the cast is adequate if not brilliant.

The Nervous Wreck

A farce by Owen Davis (founded on a story by E. J. Rath) produced at the Sam H. Harris Theatre by Lewis and Gordon on October 9, with the following cast:

Sally Morgan, June Walker; Henry Williams, Otto Kruger; Tim, Jay Wilson; Chester Underwood, Albert Hackett; Jerome Underwood, William Holden; Harriet Underwood, Winifred Wellington; Andy Nabb, Riley Hatch; Mort, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dan, J. Elmer Thompson; Bob Wells, Edward Arnold; Jud Morgan, Joseph Brennan.

THAT very rare bird, a genuinely funny farce, the joy and delight of the tired business man and his wife as well, is now on view, and from the rapturous applause which greets its comic moments and the constant and hearty laughter which accompanies its rattling series of humorous situations, *The Nervous Wreck* gives every indication of lasting out the season at the Sam H. Harris Theatre.

Quite different from *Icebound* in spirit and treatment Mr. Davis shows that an expert playwright is as much at home in farce as in the delineation of the bigger moods. For his present piece is a neat and expert composition. In only one or two brief instances does the action flag, while beneath it all is manifested the satirical spirit that sees the follies and weaknesses of the highly flavored drama of the silver screen.

Henry Williams is a victim of his hypochondriacal alarms. The medicine chest is his dear companion from which he regales himself with various colored pills at regular and stated intervals. But circumstances turn him into a holdup man—to be sure his spoil was only some needed gasoline—he is forced to become the cook at a ranch—is presumed to be the husband of the girl who subsequently becomes his wife, but not until his adventures pile up like Pelion and Ossa. But the excitement makes a new man of him and all ends as it should.

As Henry Williams, Otto Krueger proves himself a *farceur* of fine spirit and comic resource. He is genuinely funny and his various associates act throughout in the serious and restrained vein that true farce exacts. As Sally Morgan, Henry's best doctor, June Walker is cute, engaging and attractive, while the jealous Sheriff as enacted by Edward Arnold, and Joseph Brennan as the heavy father of the Ranch are quite delicious. The setting is what it should be.

The idea is not a new one. The imaginery invalid has served in countless screen and stage farces. But here the treatment of it is especially excellent.

(*Concluded on page* 70)

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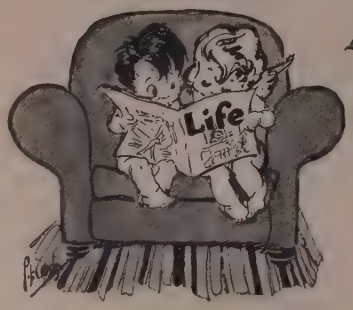

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 68)

The Grand Guignol

Short plays in French, presented by the Grand Guignol of Paris, at the Frolic Theatre Oct. 15. Principals:

Simone Hermann, Marcel des Mazes, Maurice Henriet, Louis Defresne, Paul Bernier, Jane Meryem, Estelle Duclos, Jacques Derives, Marcelle Gylda, Leo Brizard, Robert Seller, Andree Dechesne.

THIS French "theatre of thrillers," which everyone expected would prove the season's biggest sensation, did not set the East River on fire after all. The bills so far presented have proved only mildly terrifying, only gently indelicate. The opening piece, *On the Bench,* in which a young girl, hesitating on the brink, is prevailed upon by an old man not to listen to the voice of the seducer, was so thoroughly respectable and pure in sentiment that it could have been acted at any Settlement House entertainment. The trouble has been that the "horror" feature of the Guignol had been played up too strong by over zealous press agents with the inevitable result that, when the goods came to be sampled, seekers after the morbid found that realization fell short of expectation. We have seen on Broadway several native plays, for example *The Cat and Canary* and *The Bat,* both of which raised far more goose flesh than any caused by these French playlets.

The Parisian players are all good actors. It was in the unfortunate selection of their repertoire that their chief weakness lay. For instance, one of the pieces, *Au Rat Mort,* in which a woman revolutionist strangles a Russian general who had executed her brother, was done here by Holbrook Blinn ten years ago. The best piece on the first program was *A Night in a Den,* in which a fashionable woman, while on a slumming expedition, is frightened by her lover into believing he is a desperate apache. That had a real thrill, although the end was lame. *A Horrible Experience,* in which a doctor, carrying out his theory that the dead can be revived by electricity, practices on his own daughter, only to be strangled by her, did not give the thrill expected, nor was *Les Crucifiés,* a tale of the Irish Rebellion, in which an English soldier is nailed to a door, very exciting. A genuinely amusing piece in the third week bill was a farce called *Alcide Pepis,* in which Robert Seller was very funny as a drunkard unable to tell where he lives, and mistaking the flat of the people who befriended him for a disorderly house. In the pieces so far seen Mme. Marcelle Gylda, and Leo Brizard in *Une Nuit au Bouge;* Simone Hermann, Maurice Henriet in *Sur le Banc;* Paul Bernier and Jane Meryem, respectively the general and the revolutionist in *Au Rat Mort,* all distinguished themselves.

Tarnish

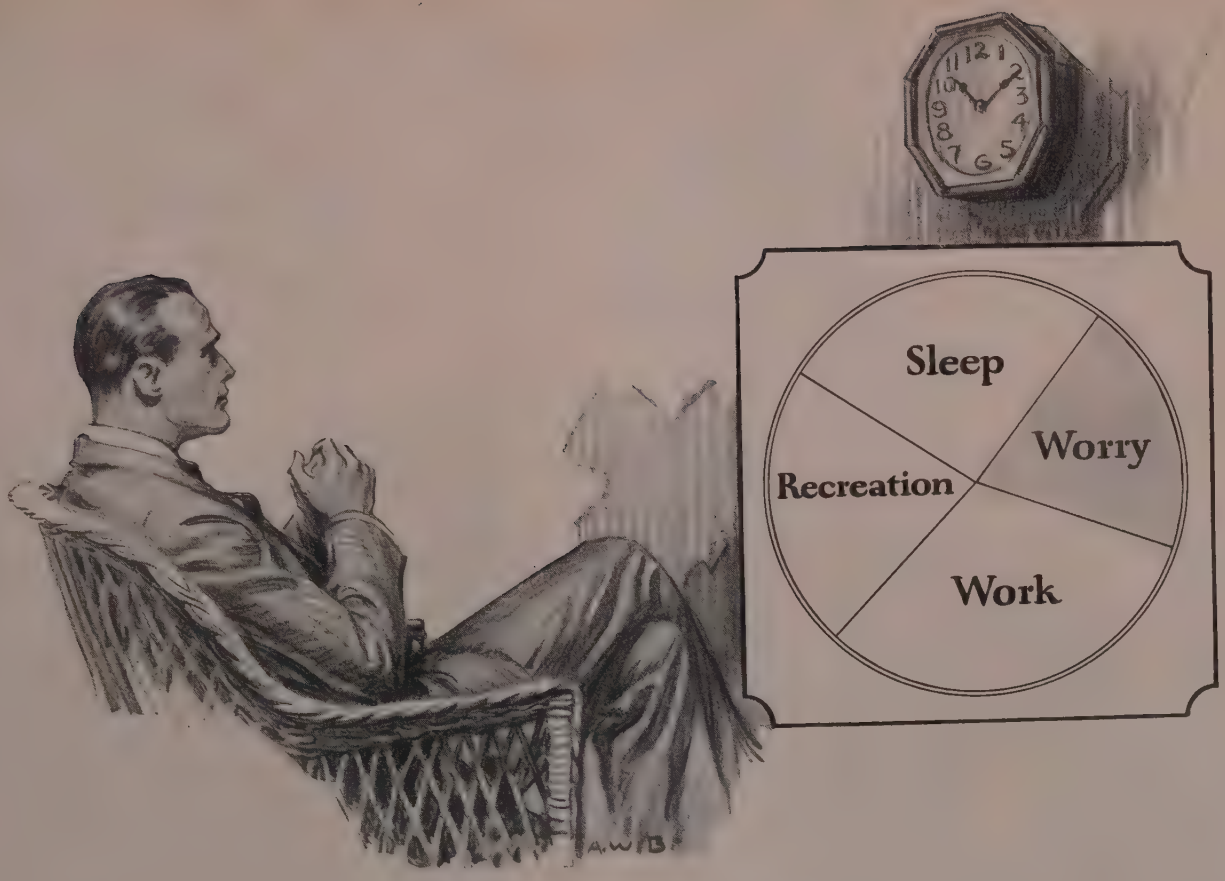
Play in three acts by Gilbert Emery presented by John Cromwell, Inc., at the Belmont Theatre on October 1, with this cast:

Josephine Lee Tevis, Mrs. Russ Whytal; Mrs. Healy, Mrs. Jacques Martin; Apolline Stutts, Marion Lord; Letitia Tevis, Ann Harding; Emmet Carr, Tom Powers; Adolph Tevis, Albert Gran; Nettie Dark, Fania Marinoff; Aggie, Mildred MacLeod.

ONLY a good play was to be expected from the author of *The Hero,* and Mr. Emery didn't disappoint us. *Tarnish* is not quite up to the standard of his earlier piece. It is tricky and conventional; its characters for the most part commonplace, uninteresting people. Yet, inconsequential as may be his puppets, the playwright has a story to tell and he tells it dramatically. His play is well constructed and dealing as it does with family failings and mishaps against which no home is entirely immune, is not without its human appeal.

The Tevis family, of the lower middle class, consists of father, mother and daughter. Letitia, the virginal daughter, is a stenographer who is annoyed by unwelcome masculine attentions in the office downtown, but now listens sympathetically to Emmet, a young man admirer who promises to reform if only she will marry him. Mrs. Tevis' chief cross in life is her lecherous old husband who can't be kept from wine and women. He is also unable to keep money in his pockets, so can't be trusted with the family purse. In a careless moment Mrs. Tevis asks him to get cashed the quarter's check—their only resource—and on the way home from the bank Dad meets Nettie Dark, a notorious vamp, who chucks the old sinner under the chin and annexes his bank roll. Dad comes home without the mezuma and Mrs. Tevis goes into hysterics. In the emergency, Letitia asserts herself. Calm and determined, she says she will go to the vamp's flat and retrieve the family cash. She arrives there at an awkward moment, just as Emmet, determined to break with the past for ever, is saying goodbye to his old mistress. Letitia, convinced now that all men are scoundrels, spurns her lover, and proceeds to tackle the courtisane which she does so forcibly that Nettie Dark experiences a complete knockout. This is a strong and well acted scene. In the end Emmet persuades Letitia that he is not so black as circumstances paint him and there is reconciliation at the final curtain.

Ann Harding, practically a newcomer on Broadway, made a very favorable impression as Letitia. Her golden beauty and girlish charm added to fine sincerity and distinction of speech and manner, stamped her at once as a stage personality of more than usual promise.



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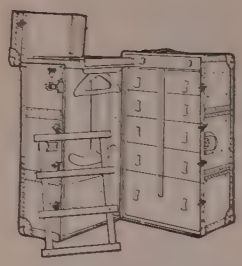

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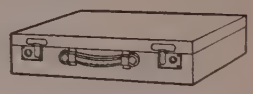

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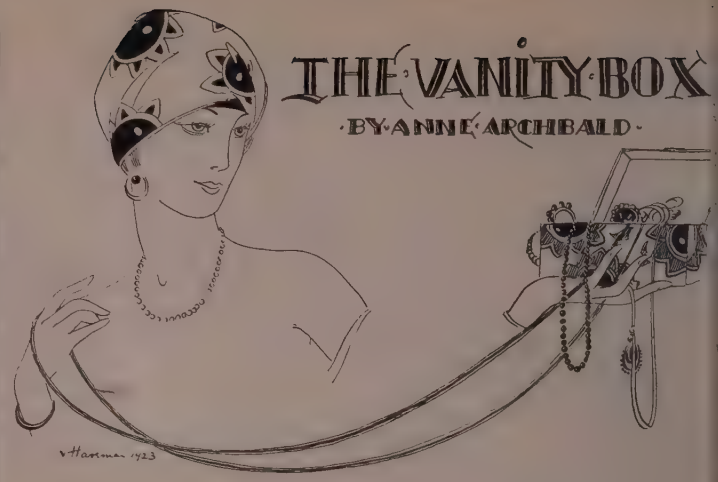

THE VANITY BOX

BY ANNE ARCHBALD

PHYLLIS POVAH, who is playing in The Theatre Guild's product of *Windows* at the Garrick, is an enchanting creature. Her blon beauty is so extraordinarily easy to look at, and what with a delicious musical speaking voice, and one thing and another, it isn't in the least diffic to give ear to what she has to say.

We had the most interesting talk the other afternoon at tea on the subj of bathrooms. How important they were in our life . . how glad we w we lived in this day and generation when everybody rich or poor, could ha one . . And how much better off America was in that respect than Eur where bathrooms, especially individual ones, were still classed as luxur instead of necessities.

Miss Povah amusingly said that if she had to make a choice between room without a bath, or a bath without a room, she would "unhesitatin choose the latter, and sleep in the tub!" Her own bathroom was the darl of her heart, and she was prouder of its equipment and accessories than a thing else in her place. And we both went on to agree that the bathroom o *ménage* was most indicative of the personality of its owner, and how care one had to be about it in New York, where so often being cheek by jowl w the kitchenette it was too open to company invasion and inspection.

In illustration she told the tale of an attractive young man she kn who had been fascinated with a girl of a beautiful dark exotic type . *until* she happened to give a party, and helping her to mix up a cocktail caught a glimpse of her bathroom . . And then it was all off. "No, h not a Frenchman."

"'It wasn't,' he said," explained Miss Povah, "'that the bath was actua messy or untidy, or anything of that sort, though it wasn't any too spick a span at that. It was just that it was so bare, so prosaic, so unalluri No nice sponges, nor white-backed brushes, such as my Mother always has, bath salts, no powder . . The only cake of soap, crowning disillusion, v one of those hygienic antiseptic things scented with carbolic acid, which detest . . I have a sensitive nose and I knew then I should never en kissing that girl. And I realized that the exotic charm that had fascinated was all on the surface and wouldn't hold in any intimacy. Basically she v prosaic and practical, without that luxury-loving sense, an indication of so thing in the personality of a woman that would be absolutely essential to me

"He was a man who knew his own mind at least . . more than most them do," wound up Miss Povah, "though I think unconsciously men are more susceptible to perfume than they have any idea."

"Miss Povah, do you have one perfume that you stick to throughout your soap, and powder, and so on," we asked, coming down to cases. "Or you combine different things?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other . . for variety," answered Miss Pov "Recently I've become so absolutely enraptured over some bath products ported from London that it looks as if I should stick to them to the of time. There is a bath salt, a big oval cake of soap for the tub, and 'dusting powder'. They all come in the same package scented with the sa perfume, and you acquire, and shed, so much more fragrance by us *three* things with the same perfume . . My favorite is a perfec delicious one called "Passionata," though there are a lot of others Then this same firm has those small, *chic,* square cakes of soap, the so-cal 'English squares,' that they like so much abroad for the guest room, or one . . I have those, too. And since I'm of English extraction I possess my o soap bowl, which is really the ideal way of using soap in a bath, though very much done over here." On which tip Miss Povah departed.

(*For the name of the bath products used by Miss Povah, their price, and list of the odors in which they come, write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, 2 *West 45th St., New York City.*)

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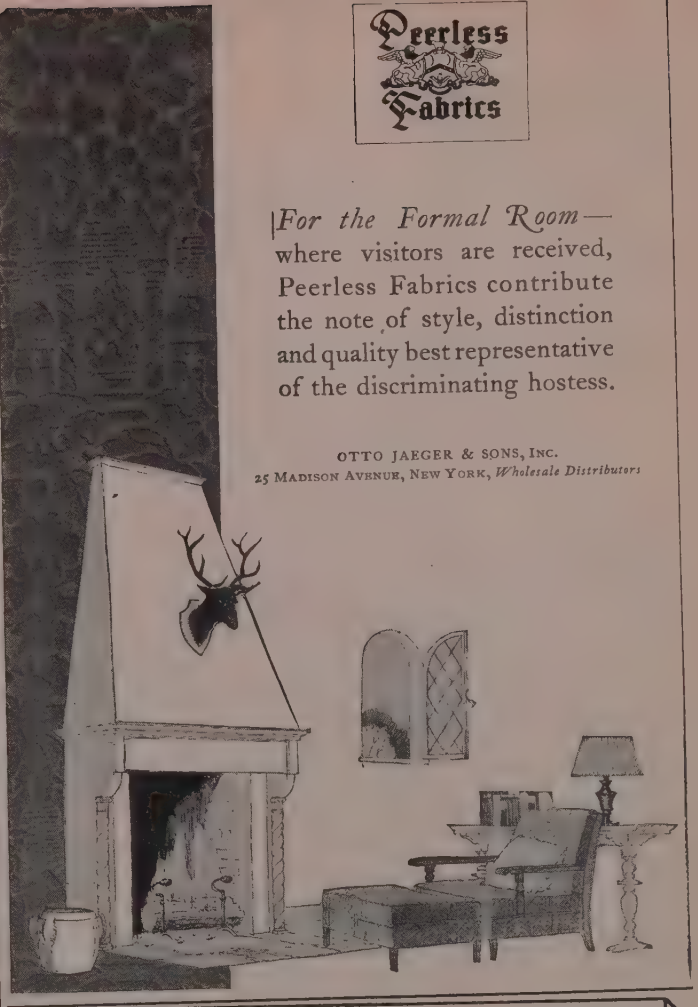

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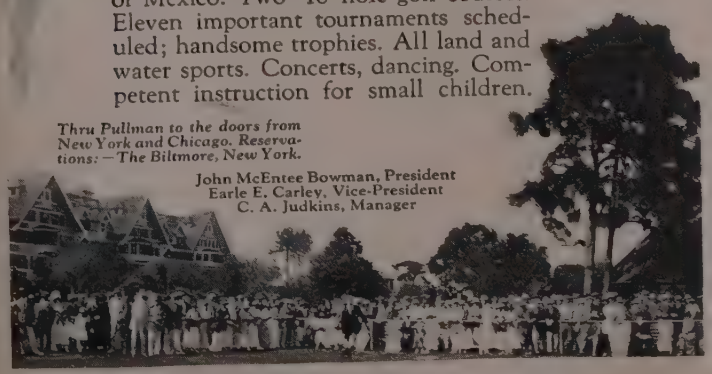

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Heard on Broadway

(*Concluded from page 39.*)

RUMORS that much of ELEANORA DUSE'S frailness is a deliberate part of her desired shield against the world at large recalls that often great actors who are genuinely vigorous yet pretend extraordinary weakness and distress in connection with their work. RICHARD MANSFIELD was somewhat given to this, and a little known story of Sir HENRY IRVING'S gentle mockery of it tells of Mansfield entering a London Club after giving a performance of *Jekyll and Hyde*. He leaned against every wall and mantel he passed, as though in a state of semi-collapse and called hoarsely for a brandy to sustain him. Seeing Irving he whispered, "Ah, this is terrible, terrible! What I have to give that part! What a hideous wrench of my soul and body it is to pass from one of those personalities to the other!" The elder man looked skeptically at Mansfield, aware that nine-tenths of the transition was by means of skillful make-up. "Well, my boy," he commented laconically, "if it's unwholesome why not give it up?"

ON AIR AND FOR IT

ACTORS are beginning to resent the call upon their services being made by the radio concerns. On a basis of giving the players valuable publicity, the broadcasting stations demand gratis acts that the theatrical managers have to pay good money for. The growing theory is now that there are so many artists of all sorts daily—hourly—being put "on the air" that the identity of any single one is lost in the mass and that the publicity derived is negligible. Unless artists are bigger fools than I believe them to be, the radio people will be paying for their stuff by next year. This will be a good thing for several reasons—foremost among them being that acts will be fewer and better, both of which improvements could not be amiss.

An astonishing bit of opportunity coupled with the talent to profit heavily by it is revealed in the story behind the name MELVILLE BAKER on the program of Molnar's play *The Swan,* as its translator. When GILBERT MILLER bought the play some two years ago he and Molnar were especially concerned about the adaptation of it into English, a task which called for an exquisite command of English, in order that the grace and aristocracy of the original script might not be lost. First BENJAMIN GLAZER, translator of *Liliom,* was put to the task and failed to satisfy Miller. Then Granville Barker, known for his excellent original plays, undertook the job and when his manuscript arrived, Miller, who is the arch-purist of the American theatre, undertook to prepare a large memorandum to Barker suggesting changes. It is at this juncture that Melville Baker, a twenty-two year old play reader in the Frohman office, came into things due to Miller's calling upon him to assist in the preparation of the communication to Barker, who was then in London. When the long recommendation of changes was eventually prepared, Miller saw that Baker's work on it was of the highest quality he had found yet, and speedily had the boy make the entire translation himself.

The New York first night press list is the longest in the world. At every opening of a new piece on Broadway nearly ninety seats have to be given away to the reviewers and dramatic editors of the big New York dailies alone. The second night list, which includes all the important magazines, except THEATRE MAGAZINE, practically the only non-daily represented on the first night lists due to its especial affiliation with the stage, is fully as large.

A HIT FOR HARRIS

I CAN'T help recalling a little paragraph of mine some months back when I deplored the fact that managers were not giving GRACE MOORE work. SAM HARRIS was the first to realize that obviously there was a mistake somewhere and signed with the charming prima donna for his next *Music Box Revue.* She is now the outstanding hit of the big show and one of the talks of New York. I can't imagine a better combination than Harris and Miss Moore. Each of them should make the other a lot of money! And no one in the show business is more deserving of having it than these two.

I have always heard that New Orleans was an admirable city. My opinion of the intelligence of its natives is heightened still further by hearing that at a recent meeting of movie producers New Orleans was voted the worst picture town in America. It seems that the discriminating inhabitants simply will not go to the movies and that the biggest of the features usually "flops cold" down there.

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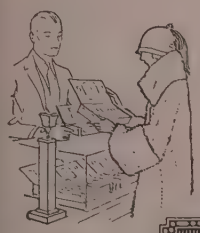

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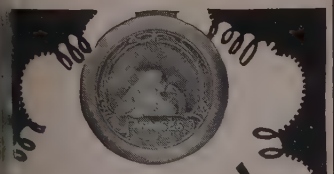

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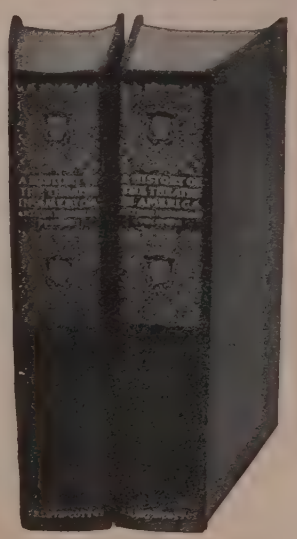

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STAGING SHAKESPEARE

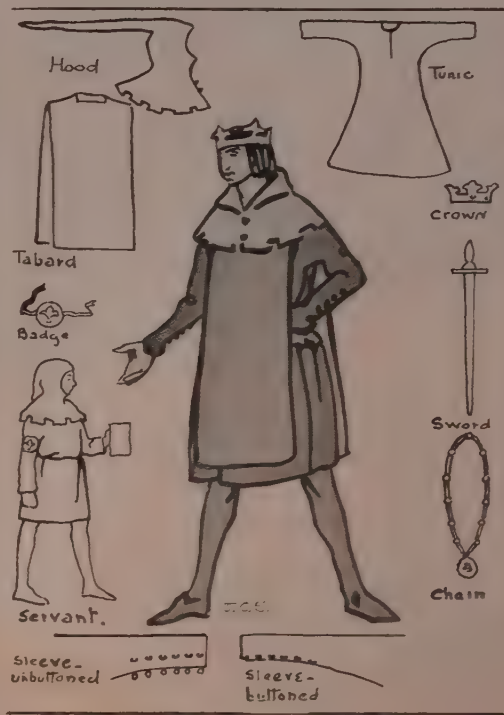
(Concluded from November issue)

servant has dropped the basin, while the rest of Petruchio's actions in his scenes with Katherine strongly suggest that he has himself covertly kicked it out of the servant's hands.

BEYOND such obvious actions, there has gradually grown up in connection with all the plays a mass of traditional business; and professional actors hand this on from one company to another. As far as I am aware, no complete record of this traditional business exists; certainly no published record. All business is good that really illustrates the meaning of the text or helps the exposition of character. In farce, comic business is essential; but it must have a real relation to the play. A famous Petrucchio, many years ago, made his entrance in Act III, Scene 2 in the dress of a waggoner, rightly conceiving that the dramatic point was to look as unlike as possible to the spruce young gallant whom Baptista was expecting. Part of this costume was a long carter's whip, with which (still in the spirit of masquerade) he performed prodigies of whip-cracking. The business was successful with the audience—with the result that many subsequent Petruchios carry a dog-whip throughout the play, which they crack at frequent intervals. But there is no suggestion in the text that Petruchio's normal behaviour was that of an injudicious dog-trainer or ill-mannered stable-boy. Business good in itself may become very bad indeed by indiscriminate use in inappropriate places. Far worse, and now outcast from tradition, was the business of a Gravedigger in Hamlet, who raised a laugh by removing fifteen waistcoats before starting work. Such unnecessary and unmeaning fooler comes under the reproof uttered b Hamlet to "gagging" clowns; but th reproof cannot possibly be stretche to exclude all business except th definitely stated in folio editions—n prompt books—of the plays, whic were not even prepared by the autho himself.

Nothing has been said of lightin because facilities differ so enormousl Plain straightforward lighting is a ways better than "trick stuff," unle the plant is very adequate, and unde expert control. And let us have plent of it. It is not the business of playe to form static pictures which can b examined in detail and at leisur They—their hands—their faces—ar continually in motion; and these move ments must be seen. Above all, do no attempt to play comedy in the dar The psychological effect on an audi ence of a succession of dimly lit scene is one of intense gloom and depressio

In conclusion, let me express th hope that dramatic literature, and th plays of Shakespeare in particula will be increasingly studied as dra matic literature: that is to say, speech and action rather than study-halls. It is unnecessary, ar frequently grotesque, for a school college to attempt finished public pe formances in any sort of competiti with the professional stage. But r hearsals, growing to dress-rehears and informal performances, of sever plays or parts of plays within t year, are by far the best method dramatic study: it being always membered that the study of any needs expert guidance, and that excellent literary scholar may be very poor stage-director.



UNIFORM DRESS F MEN IN SHA SPEAREAN PLAY

The men's dress in cases will consist tabard, tunic and h with accessories to note rank and sta *Tabard*: for kings nobles, etc., only. *nic*: for all male ch ters. A, for kings nobles, to be worn length to below the k loosely belted. Sle buttoned to give tight wrist. B, for ing-men; sleeves not toned. Tunic ti belted and pulled reach just to knee. A, for kings, nobles to be worn thrown to give width of ders. B, for se men, to be worn on For quite young b all ranks both t and hood may b pensed with.

IS THIS PLAY FIT FOR THE PUBLIC STAGE?

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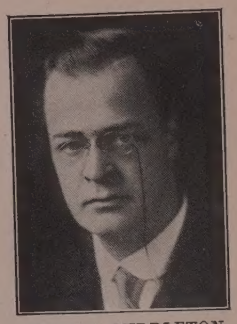

GEORGE MIDDLETON
Author of *The Unknown Lady*

Mr. Middleton is a dramatist of well-established reputation. He was co-author with Guy Bolton of the comedy success *Polly with a Past*, and the adaptor from the French of Fay Bainter's new vehicle, *The Other Road*, shortly to be produced by David Belasco in association with William Harris, Jr.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

So our readers may judge for themselves who is right, Father Kelly or Judge Ben Lindsey, we shall print in our next issue (January), by arrangement with the author, the entire text of *The Unknown Lady* as played at the Palace Theatre, New York City. We ask our readers to decide if the play exerts a good or evil influence. To be sure of securing a copy,

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THE SEWER ON THE STAGE

(Concluded from page 9)

unmoral element in the theatre or in the publishing world which for a price puts in the way of susceptible people incentives to vicious and lawless thoughts, speech and acts. They should be clubbed into a sense of decency.

Some of these shows have innocent titles and people go to them innocently. Some go carelessly to kill time. Some go because they like dirt and they know there are dirty producers who will satisfy their desires. The youthful element goes out of curiosity and comes away degraded and ashamed.

No doubt the citizens' jury plan will be tried in regard to some of these shows. If it is effective so much the better. If not, and the police hesitate to act and the License Department has its hands tied by judicial decision, the only remaining course is to go to the Legislature.

A suggestion comes from England along the line of licensing every person who employs actors or actresses—license for one year, revocable and renewal dependent upon a good record. Such a plan might insure good behavior and at the same time bring in a substantial revenue to the state. It would also drive out of the field a lot of irresponsible and fly-by-night people who secure services and then fail to pay

Then there is the remedy of censorship and with the precedent of the Motion Picture Commission and the constantly accumulating evidence of its need, such legislation may be more easily attained than some folks imagine.

It is up to the people who take a pride in the stage and what it was before a money-mad, un-American and brutish element took over its control. It is up to a complacent press. Can they and will they put the fear of the law into the thick skulls of what Irving Bachelor calls the "belly" element, the gross and mercenary crew who are at present dragging the good name of the American stage in the mud and mire of foreign perversity?

ALL FOR ART

In a western theatre, where the attraction was a stock company headed by Miss Margaret Anglin, there was a regulation, like that of many other playhouses, forbidding the discharge, during rehearsal, of any fire-arm. In such theatres the performer who is to discharge the weapon must, at rehearsal, merely ejaculate "bang" at the proper moment to show that he knows when to fire.

At the regular performance that night, however, at the point when Miss Anglin was called upon to shoot the villain, it appears that, through absent-mindedness, force of habit acquired during many rehearsals, merely said "Bang." To make matters worse, the villain himself, equally by force of habit proceeded to die. The audience immediately broke into loud guffaws.

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